NEW PICTURES OF BARTHELMESS FAMILY AT THEIR SUMMER HOME

Movie Weekly

JULY 26, 1924

10¢

A Screen Lover's Wife tells Her Secret see page 15

Marion Davies
Photo. by Russell Ball

We interview the GISH Girls by Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Trade Paramount Pictures Mark

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A DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From the story by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Screen play by Paul Bern.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

If I WERE YOU

Norma Talmadge Stands Ready to Put Herself in Your Place

One of the latest portraits of the emotional motion picture star who will personally conduct an advice department in *Movie Weekly*. *Miss Talmadge's* work has given her such a breadth of understanding that we are glad to recommend her advice to our readers, whatever their problems.

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslere

THE only sensible thing to do before offering advice of any kind is to put yourself in the place of the person in question. Advice worth the time it takes to give it must be prefaced by "If I Were You" . . . even though the words are only understood and not spoken. And all of this is why Miss Norma Talmadge has chosen the above title for the department in which she stands ready to put herself in the place of Movie Weekly readers while she considers your problems, whatever they may be.

The editor is extremely gratified to be able to make this announcement. We have a real regard for Miss Talmadge's intelligence . . . and we know her to live, both in New York and California, happy in the affection and respect of many friends. Everyone who knows Norma Talmadge talks of her warm sympathy and her ever-ready understanding.

We might have found someone with more years to their age, but we feel confident that we could not have found anyone better able to conduct this new department than Miss Talmadge. After all, wisdom is not so much a matter of years as it is how fully and deeply these years have been lived. Many live their three-score and ten and cross the River Jordan without ever having come to any definite conclusions. And others, of slim years, are possessed of a rare and blessed understanding. It is the contents of the years . . . not their number . . . which gives wisdom, for wisdom is the child of experience.

Norma Talmadge has known years of a full measure. The very roles she is called upon to portray frequently carry problems with them. She has been a hundred different women. She has found it necessary to know these women before she attempted to give them their screen life. And so, through her work alone, she has come to understand many things it is never given most mortals to understand . . . she has come to have a tolerance for human beings, and to believe that in most cases they try (*Continued on page* 31)

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Photograph by Albin

The Gish Girls

Their sophistication hasn't blinded them to the simpler things. They have kept faith with all the things they used to be. They're real, both of them. And even in a hotel suite they manage to give a sense of sheltered family life. And they are a living proof that sisters can be good friends as well as profressional confreres . . .

We INTERVIEW *the* GISH GIRLS

Photograph by Alexander

Photograph by Muray

An Interview Playlet in One Act and Three Scenes

THE CAST

The Gish Girls....................Lillian and Dorothy Gish
Their Mother....................................Mrs. Gish
We ....Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

SCENE I.

The editorial office of Movie Weekly. Adele Whitely Fletcher is discovered, in a fetching little business frock, sitting in the editor's chair, surrounded by dummies, pictures, proofs, copy, all the necessary implements of the editor's trade. Gladys Hall enters, waving the morning paper.

Gladys Hall (*importantly*): "I've just read the paper for the first time in ten years. And I've found that—that Lillian and Dorothy Gish are back from Europe! Think of that . . . a scoop, my friend! To glance at a paper for the first time in a decade and to find that . . ."

Adele Whitely Fletcher (crushingly): "To find that which *we* have known since nine o'clock. It is now eleven."

G. H. (appeasingly—she was supposed to have arrived at the office at ten): "I thought we might do a double interview with them. I always like to see Lillian and Dorothy . . . so *different* . . ."

A. W. F. (still unmollified): "Your suggestion, like your arrival, is somewhat tardy. I have already asked the operator to get me Dorothy, at the St. Regis Hotel, in order to make an appointment."

(*Further conversation is halted by the ringing of the telephone*).

A. W. F. (with a new cordiality): "Hello . . . yes . . . yes . . . Mrs. Rennie? Dorothy? Oh, welcome home!"

(*Pause*)

"That's what I was talking about. Gladys and I want to see you and Lillian for one of our double interviews. That's why I'm worrying you before you have had time to rest from your voyage."

(*Pause*)

"Tomorrow at the Ambassador at three-thirty? Fine."

(*Pause*)

(*A. W. F. laughing*): "Lillian's the rich one, you say? Has a suite? Well, you and Mr. Rennie in your humble room at the St. Regis have our sympathy."

G. H. (to herself): "Humble . . . St. Regis . . . it's all in the point of view . . ."

A. W. F. (hanging up the receiver, her editorial eye gimleting G. H.): "Tomorrow . . . the Ambassador . . . AT THREE THIRTY!"

G. H. (unperturbed): "Oh, *MY!*"

SCENE II.

The charming suite occupied by Lillian Gish and her mother at the Hotel Ambassador. The large living room is cool and wide with its chintz-covered chairs, its low bowls of early summer flowers and the tall French windows opening onto a stone balcony encircling the corner of the building and overlooking the aristocracy of Park Avenue. Here and there on the balcony are grass rugs and grouped tables and chairs, gaily painted. It is one of the most delightful suites ever seen in any hotel.

Dorothy, with her soft bright chestnut hair hanging down her back, is smart in a tailored black alpaca suit, Lillian with her soft gold hair pinned loosely upon her head, is lovely in a frock of soft powder blue, as simple in tone as that of a school girl. It is none the less evident that the girls stopped off in Paris on their way home from Italy.

The interviewers enter . . . it is somewhere between three forty-five and four o'clock . . . Dorothy peers impishly around the door at them before admitting them . . .

A. W. F. (in advance of G. H., as is her martial wont): "We're late. And we're sorry. And it IS good to see you both again!"

G. H. (contritely—her habitual stall): "I'm sorry. There was no train from Long Island. There almost never *is*—when I have an appointment. So it's my fault. But then, it always IS my fault . . ."

Dorothy Gish: "'Salright . . . WE knew you'd be late. We've met you before. But we're so glad to be back, to be *home*, and to see familiar faces and hear familiar voices, that you're forgiven."

Lillian Gish (in her quiet, pleased little way): "It *is* good to see you. How well you both look!"

(*They all walk toward the balcony, out the French doors, and the Interviewers exclaim over the charm of the room and the balcony*).

Dorothy: "Didn't I tell you that Lillian is the rich one? Swank. Just a movie star. Now, Jimmie and I live humbly in one room at the St. Regis and I come over here and inhabit the one living room in the family."

Lillian (reprovingly): "Oh, Dorothy, we have summer rates! You know that!"

(*These humorous amenities over, everyone settles comfortably within a gay chintz recess, except Lillian. She chooses a straight back cane chair and sits there,*

(Continued on page 28)

Lillian said: "I'd like to play *Juliet* to *Dick Barthelmess' Romeo.* I think we could make a beautiful picture together. *Dick* has a romantic strain the cameras have never caught. I wouldn't want to play *Juliet* with anyone else."

Dorothy said: "I'm never going to be separated from my husband so long again. I wouldn't be without a husband for anything. They're a marvelous help. They get such splendid service from waiters. And waiters simply terrify me."

Gloria . . .

. . . whose personality is as varied as the colors in a rainbow. While other stars rise and fall, she goes serenely along her stellar way, holding a high place in the public's heart and every now and then adding fresh laurels to her name.

Just now Miss Swanson is enjoying a brief visit in London, having completed her work in "Her Love Story," a screen version of "The Queen's Love Story," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. The rumor has just reached our ears that Miss Swanson will try to see Sir James Barrie while in London to attempt to convince him she should be chosen to play "Peter Pan"—the most discussed of all roles.

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One time when I couldn't work because of a broken ankle, my name was posted on a board in large letters as one of the members of a club who had not paid her weekly rent. I'll never forget my humiliation. Never! Never!!!

Below is a snapshot of *Miss Blythe* taken upon her recent arrival in *California* . . . on the left a new portrait.

Autobiographies rarely tell whole truths. Incidents which might discredit the writer are omitted. But in this instance Betty Blythe shows her sporting blood and writes honestly, giving us a fascinating and human document

The True Story of my Life

Betty Blythe

(*SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS ON PAGE 25*)

AFTER weeks of being a cripple because of this accident I was depressed, but I knew I would walk straight into work if I ever got on my feet.

My lone $100, which I managed to save during the "Experience" tour, finally gave out, as $100 is wont to do, and the Club trusted me for my weekly rent until it reached the overwhelming sum of $60, when the Club bookkeeper approached me and asked me to pay it. It was quite impossible and I wept for three days, more from pride and shame than anxiety.

Then, in obeisance to a by-law of the Club, they put my name on the board in large letters, "Posted and Delinquent," so that they who ran might read but what could I do in my lame and helpless condition?

I felt terribly humiliated, but I gritted my teeth when I went down to the dining room before the other girls that night and was more than ever determined that I would succeed and disprove what they might be thinking of me. A few days elapsed. Then, to my surprise and delight, my name was

suddenly removed from the board because one of the girls living there, who was working with Miss Julia Arthur in one of the season's hits, had pawned her diamond engagement ring and met my bill without my knowing it. Another proof of the *camaraderie* of stage folk.

Eventually I was able to get about, although I limped quite perceptibly, leaning very heavily upon a walking stick and, for the second time, I made my way to New York upon borrowed money, to start all over again the rounds of the managers' offices.

EIGHT staggering, weary, hopeless weeks passed by without success, for my lameness stood very much in the way of my securing a part. One day I called at Arthur Hopkins' office for about the 'steenth time, and the optimistic office boy, finding I would not leave when told Mr. Hopkins was not in, asked me to be seated, which I did, and promptly proceeded to fall asleep.

Sometime later, I was awakened by a gentle tap on my shoulder and looked up into the face of Mr. Hopkins himself. I laughed, he smiled, and took me into his office, where we had a few minutes' chat, and, finding I had so comparatively little experience for stage work, he advised me to try for moving picture work. I looked at him so sadly, and said: "That doesn't interest me at all, Mr. Hopkins, because I want to be a Mrs. Leslie Carter, a Nance O'Neill or a Julia Marlowe."

I was dismissed gently but firmly, without a part, of course.

John Kellard, an actor of the old school, was assembling a Shakespearian repertoire company for the road. An agent hastily called me one day to come to his office to meet him. This fitted perfectly with my highfaluting ideas of tragedy and the classics, so I reported to Mr. Kellard, expecting immediately to blossom forth as the greatest Lady Macbeth of the twentieth century. He engaged me for this road show and took it upon himself to train me.

He was very kind, very patient, and I memorized yards upon yards of the mad Ophelia, myself growing madder than Ophelia ever dared become. One would think, by the way I studied day and night, that there was never any other position on earth for me to fill but that particular one.

I used to walk on Riverside Drive for hours, memorizing, planning and scheming, bent upon acquiring the technique of Shakespearian acting. Then, abruptly, after a nerve-wracking six weeks of rehearsals, my castles in the air were shattered, for Mr. Kellard's plans failed through lack of financial assurance and again I was thrown on my uppers, utterly discouraged. I cried so much that my funny little face was all out of shape.

I DREAMED one night that I drowned myself and the next morning I deliberately went out and bought a small watertight wallet in which I could place my name and address prior to taking this fatal step off Riverside Drive into the Hudson River after dark.

That afternoon a little girl friend named Virginia burst into my room and asked if I would take a subway ride with her to the Vitagraph Studios, where she had to call for some pictures. She explained it was such a long ride she did not wish to go alone. I languidly refused, partly because I had "other plans" and also *because I didn't have the carfare,* but she insisted and so we set forth. We rode first in the subway, then on the "L" to Flatbush, Brooklyn, and there—wonder of wonders!—I saw my first moving picture studio from the other side of that sign, "No admittance."

I sat in the vestibule where strangers wait, while she called in the office for her pictures. She had played a "bit" and so felt herself important enough to demand "stills," as we call them. As I was sitting there, dressed in the same tailored suit of the season before with a purple hat from which hung a long loose veil, I suppose I looked the soul of discouragement. However, a man passed by, glanced at me, looked back, and then stopped. He retraced his steps, passing in front of me again looking at me, but I was so taken up with my own gloomy thoughts, I paid no attention to him until he addressed me, saying:

"Pardon me, but are you looking for anyone?"

I explained that I was waiting for a girl friend.

He then said: "Are you an actress?"

I replied: "Yes, from the stage."

He asked me if I had ever been in pictures. The thought suddenly occurred (*Continued on page* 25)

On the right is a photograph of *Betty Blythe's* mother . . . there is a great resemblance between this woman, who proved such a pal to her children, and her celebrated daughter.

The first money I ever saved went to buy a *Steinway Grand* piano. I saw it on sale in a *Brooklyn* store and spent every cent I had saved for a rainy day in my first instalment. It was one of my greatest extravagances, but it always gave me a great deal of pleasure . . . so . . .

At the top of the page *Miss Blythe* is shown with two *Algerian* mammies who used to sing her their native melodies between the scenes of "*Chu Chin Chow.*"

And just above she is seen in a lovely batik negligee of peacock design and color.

To Baby Peggy

Verse By Faith Baldwin

Photograph by Edwin B. Hesser.

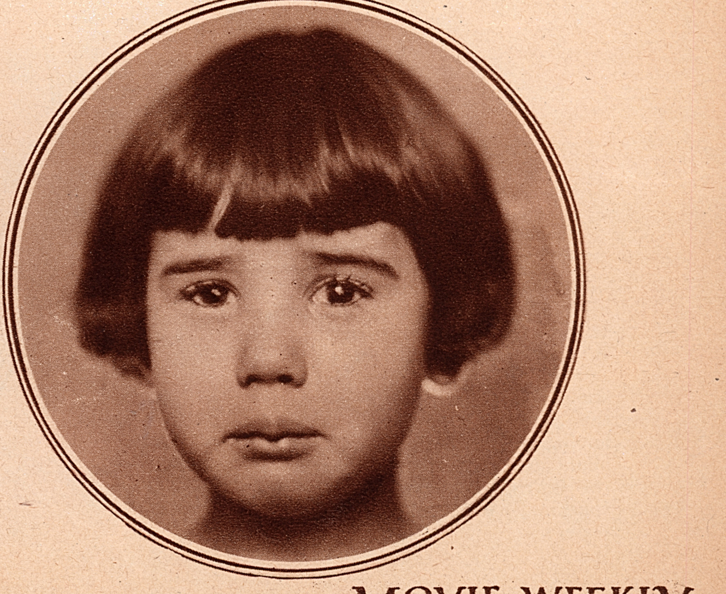
Interviews by the score may be printed with *Peggy Jean Montgomery,* but we doubt if anything will ever better tell of her personality than these simple verses.

Photograph by Bachrach.

In her small hands our hearts are held and wrung,
And in her baby grace we seem to hear
The Song of Childhood, most divinely sung
One note a smile, the next a dew-drop tear.

And looking in her eyes, brown stars, we see
The dreams we have forgotten and the dear
Lost innocence of days that wistfully
Waits, long since past, in some far Yesteryear.

Her laughter has the wisdom of the blest,
Her human mischief brings her very near,
She is a blossom, by the sun caressed,
Incarnate spring, May-sweet and crystal-clear.

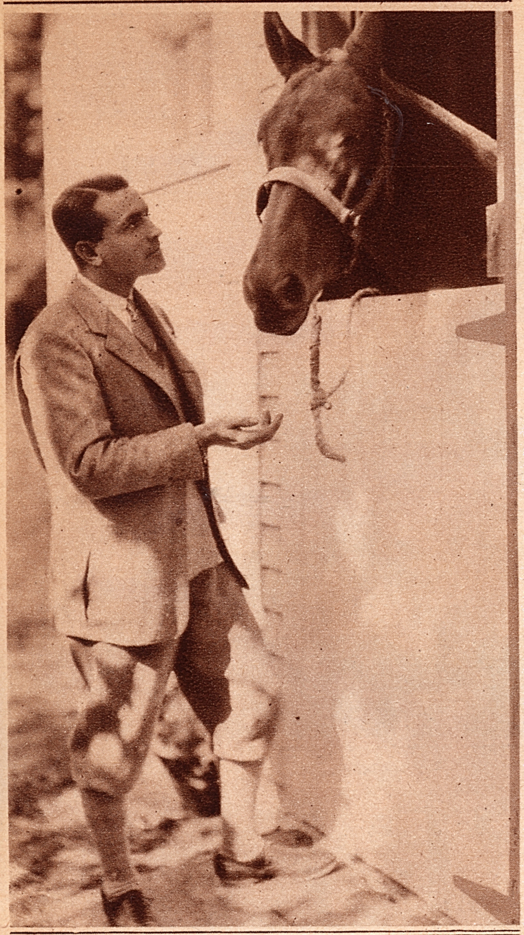


The Nook

Where Dick, Mrs. Dick and Little Mary Are Spending the Summer

All photographs by Russell Ball

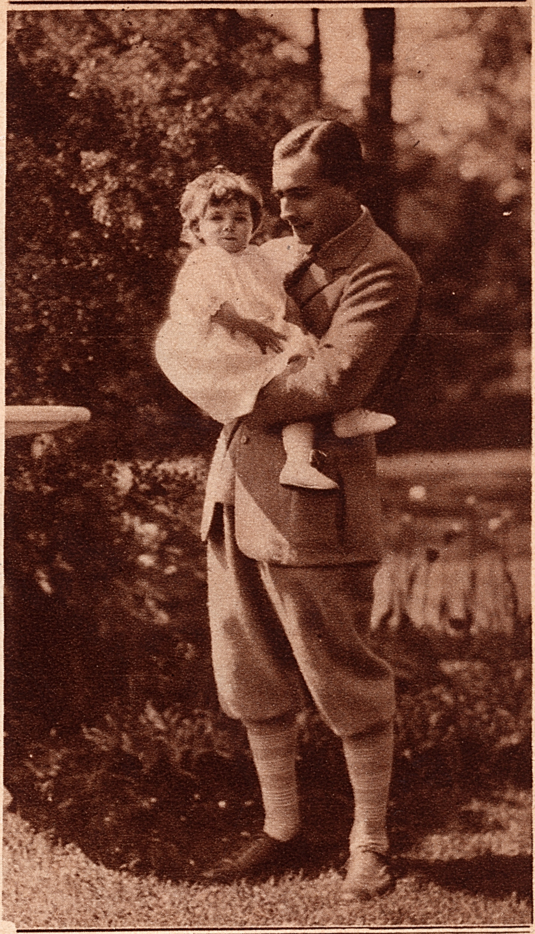
The Nook is a lovely, old-fashioned country house set in the middle of three acres of shaded lawns, gardens and orchards. It is at *Mamaroneck,* right on *Long Island Sound* . . . Here the *Barthelmess* family is esconsed for the summer. And little *Mary* is having a heavenly time playing about on the stretching green of the lawns . . . and bathing in the sparkling blue of the *Sound's* waters.



Dick's friends will tell you that *Mary* is the favorite topic of conversation of both her mother and father. Their careers pale in comparison. However, they remember parents they have known and never begin a recital of *Mary's* accomplishments unless you ask them about her . . . Then beware!

At present, *Dick* is working on *"Classmates."*

But summer finds the theatres closed, so *Mother Mary* remains at *The Nook* with little *Mary* . . . and her days are divided between composing new musical scores for her stage work in the autumn, and recitals of nursery rhymes which prove a never-ending source of delight.



***Betty Compson* is the discreet hoyden in *"The Enemy Sex,"* who holds men up two and three times a year and extracts "birthday presents" . . . but she thinks it unethical for them to hold her hand. The cast is excellent.**

By Harriette Underhill

ACROSS the SCREEN

"THE ENEMY SEX"

The cast: Betty Compson, Percy Marmont, Sheldon Lewis and Huntley Gordon.

Rating: 85%

"The Enemy Sex" is an ambiguous title, there is no doubt about that. But so was "The Salamander"; for the new Betty Compson picture is Owen Johnson's old story with a new title.

"The Salamander" is Dodo Baxter, so called because she could go through fire unscathed. There is an old fable about the salamander being able to do just that thing; but Dodo had some narrow escapes. Mr. Johnson's heroine was always insisting that she was a "good girl," and so she was, techincally.

But we doubt whether she is the sort that fond mothers would hold up as a model for their daughters. In Dodo's set it was considered quite ethical to hold your men friends up two or three times a year and extract "birthday presents," but it was most unethical to allow that man to hold your hand. Any such attempt was met by "I'm a good girl, always remember that."

In short, Dodo belonged to the G. A. Y. C.'s—Get All You Can's.

Even with the charming Betty Compson to play this discreet hoyden, it seemed incredible the way richman, poorman, doctor, lawyer and statesman fell for her ingenuous wiles. We think Miss Compson is Owen Johnson's heroine to the life.

Percy Marmont, as the real hero, Sheldon Lewis, as the villain, and Huntley Gordon and De Witt Jennings, as two aspiring swains, who "sighed but vainly," are all excellent. If you want to be amused, we should say that "The Enemy Sex" stands ready to do it.

The direction, photography and other technical details are, for the most, well handled.

"THOSE WHO DANCE"

The cast: Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Lucille Ricksen and Robert Agnew.

Rating: 90%

"Those who dance must pay the piper!"

In choosing the first three words of this well-known adage as a name for his new picture, Thomas Ince has perhaps been a bit misleading in this age of flappers and jazz. So, rather than have one soul disappointed, we shall say right here that "Those Who Dance" is a melodrama pointing out in graphic detail the perils of depending on bootleg whiskey for one's inspiration. If you can't be sure you are getting the "pre-war stuff," better sign the pledge and climb right on the wagon, is the teaching of this little new film.

Blanche Sweet plays the role of the sweet heroine and the part is designed to have her do many of the things she did so well in "Anna Christie." In this case, of course, she is only pretending; for when, in the course of human events, it became necessary for her to go to the great city to look up her young brother, she found that he was being made the goat of a band of bootleggers. As he was about to be railroaded to the electric chair, sister disguised herself as a lady of the street, and got the evidence to convict the leader of the gang.

It is really an exciting story with dictaphones, and handsome detectives, and sinister things on every hand. Miss Sweet plays with charm and distinction, but she most assuredly must share the honors with Bessie Love, who is seen as the wife of Red

***"Those Who Dance"* is an exciting story . . . a melodrama about bootleggers . . . *Blanche Sweet* shares honors with *Bessie Love,* who is fascinating.**

Editor's Note

These reviews are written with a view to helping our readers select their motion picture entertainment. They are prepared by critics who are skilled in the writing of motion picture criticism and because we believe their viewpoint to be sane and unbiased.

We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of the pictures they see.

RATING:
***Excellent,* 95%; *Good,* 90%; *Fair,* 75%; *Poor,* 60%.**

Carney, the chief bootlegger. She is really fascinating as she depicts the bob-haired girl, bold yet cowed in the presence of her cruel and murderous mate.

Warner Baxter plays the hero and Bobbie Agnew is the bootlegging youth who was saved by his sister at the fifty-ninth minute of the twelfth hour.

We should list "Those Who Dance" as above the average in warm weather entertainment. Don't go to see it, however, unless you are prepared to be reformed.

Mr. Ince has spared no pains in driving home his lesson.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"RECOIL"

The cast: Mahlon Hamilton, Betty Blythe and Clive Brook.

Rating: 75%

We never read Rex Beach's "Recoil," but of this we are certain, it *couldn't* have been as dreary as the picture which J. Parker Read, Jr., is presenting. This "Recoil" is reminiscent of those melodramas which used to delight all of us who went to the "moving pictures" along about 1910: though in fairness to the director we will say that this antiquated appearance is due, in a great measure, to the titles which somebody has tacked on to the picture. These are long editorial reflections, or would-be smart epigrams.

Whenever anybody makes a move on the screen, the title writer starts in with "Every woman knows that——" or "No man ever——"

He has managed to spoil the picture as far as we are concerned, or, at least, he would have done so had it not been for Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton. Miss Blythe is not only handsome and intelligent, but she has a rare humor which lightens the heaviest situations.

Mahlon Hamilton can play fine-looking men with a grievance better than anyone we know. Clive Brook and Ernest Hilliard do good work, too. And, if you can overlook the antiquated treatment which the story has received and you are very fond of Rex Beach, you may like "Recoil."

We never read the *Rex Beach* novel, *"Recoil,"* but we are sure it couldn't have been as dreary as the picture. The picture would be ruined because of its treatment if it were not for *Betty Blythe* and *Mahlon Hamilton.*

***"The Code of the Wilderness"* is just another of those Western pictures, with the noble cowboy marrying the heroine.**

***"Winning His Way,"* of the *Jack Dempsey "Fight and Win Series,"* is a maudlin story . . . but the fact that most of the scenes are laid in a ring is an asset.**

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"THE CODE OF THE WILDERNESS"

The cast: John Bowers, Alice Calhoun, Alan Hale and Otis Harlan.

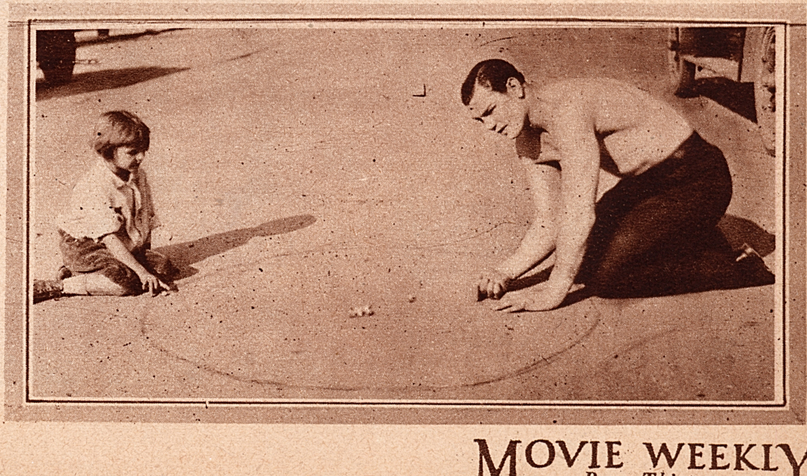
Rating: 75%

"The Code of the Wilderness" is just another one of those Western pictures which Vitagraph loves to make.

It shows the picturesque cowboy at work and at play—though we must say that we never knew he had so much time to devote to insulting women. The heroine is held up on all occasions and once or twice the "second leading lady" has some unpleasant attentions forced on her. The Cowboy's Association ought to look into this thing.

Of course, there is one noble cowboy to marry the leading lady. He is played by John Bowers. Alice Calhoun is the girl he marries, and Joseph Rickson and Cliff Davidson are seen as some of the wicked cowboys. Sorry but "The Code of the Wilderness" is not much to our liking.

If you find much joy in Western scenery, you may be pleased with the camera work. But only mildly. (*Continued on page 31*)



My Own Story of My Trip Abroad --

by **Rudolph VALENTINO**

Hotel de France, Cherbourg, October 5th.

WELL, here we are . . . HERE WE ARE!

One never knows what twenty-four hours will bring forth.

This past twenty-four hours has brought us face to face, hand to hand, with DEATH . . . we have embraced and gone under the sea together, Death and I . . . Gods above, what an experience . . . and for nothing . . . for *nothing* . . .

Well, we started on our way from Nice, via auto. I was not driving that time. It was a mad rush and I had had enough of the wheel. Fortunately (the one fortunate episode in the whole grisly experience) fortunately, we had a racing driver from the Voisin people who knew the roads.

And he raced . . . no doubt at all about *that* . . .

We arrived just in time to miss the ferry that transported passengers to the steamer. That wild, hair-breadth ride for nothing then! If I had been an Irishman, I would have "got my Irish up," but as it was I suppose I got my Italian up, and determined that since we had come thus far and thus *so* we would reach the *Leviathan* by one means or another.

In the meantime, I must here insert, I had shipped our trunks from Paris, and they were supposed to be awaiting us here at the dock.

When we arrived, at the dead of night, by the way, we found no trunks, no sign of them at all and no one about who could give us any intelligence of them.

We finally had to awaken the man at the station, which feat we accomplished with almost as much difficulty as though he had been an Italian taking his midday siesta. We eventually made him comprehend that what we wanted was a cart to load the trunks on if we should locate them inside the locked station. He got us the cart, we located the trunks and started off, trundling them ahead of us, to the place where I knew a transport was lying which would take us to the *Leviathan*. As we trundled into view of the dock, I saw that the transport was gone! Somehow I couldn't arouse my slumbering sense of humor. It was too late at night!

The plans of mice and men are frail things at best . . . and even in the lives of those who have achieved a degree of fame, Life interferes to set things topsy turvy. Here in Valentino's diary, we are reminded again that drama is ever lurking just around the corner.

We were then told by some itinerant official that the boat had not arrived. As a matter of fact, it *had* arrived and was waiting in the port.

We stood on the dock at midnight pondering what we could do. We decided, then, to hire a motor boat.

This involved waking up some more people, and in the meantime a drenching rain had begun to descend upon us from the unkindly heavens. We were cold, freezing . . . the very memory of the sun of the Riviera was chilled from our bones.

While the arrangements were being made for the motor boat, we scouted about and found a funny little cafe, where we had some hot coffee and tried to get warmed up.

THEN, when the motor boat was ready, we took the truck containing our trunks and trundled off down to the dock again, I wheeling our luggage before me, Natacha following and the people we had managed to arouse trailing along with us, regarding us, I must say, with very definitely suspicious eyes. They thought we were either lunatics, or something . . . it turned out that they thought we were "something," which I will tell later on.

This:

As we were loading the trunks on to the motor boat, a customs guard came up to us and said, very brusquely, "You can't leave!"

"Why not?" we said.

"You have got to have your luggage opened before you can leave."

"Opened nothing!" I said. "We are leaving France." (*Continued on page* 30)

Trying to get out to the *Leviathan*, we were soaked through as the giant waves lashed at the boat . . . We were isolated, it seemed, in a black tunnel of a world with the driving rain above us and the angry sea beneath us.

And the man on our boat shouted to us, "I can't be responsible for this . . . for your lives . . . we can't make it! . . ."

At the top of the page is a scene from *"Monsieur Beaucaire,"* in which *Valentino* is tracing the steps of an old court dance with *Doris Kenyon* as his partner.

And to the left is a snapshot of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Valentino* surrounded by the reporters who discovered them during their stay in *France*. We sometimes wonder what in the world *Mr. Valentino* finds to say to the newspaper people year in . . . year out.

Mrs. Conway Tearle . . . Adele Rowland . . . is a philosopher. When we asked her how she felt about *Conway* spending his days making love to the fairest women on the screen, she proceeded to give us the title of this article. *Selah!*

IT'S HIS JOB

By Regina Cannon

PERHAPS you earn your daily bread by taking down the dictation of an irate boss. Probably your job is to put permanent waves into the hair of impermanent wives. Possibly you're in the front row of a musical revue solving the "What makes the tired business man tired" problem. For, there are jobs and jobs in this world of work, and the pleasantness of them is only a matter of degree—or Third Degree.

Take, for instance, the job of Conway Tearle, one of the screen's most popular leading men. Mr. Tearle's work is to make love to filmdom's fairest. Yes, he gets *paid* for it. It's his business.

Ah, you'd do it for nothing? But you haven't the perfect profile nor the ability to act. So perhaps you'd better stick to your own job for the same reason that we'll always be the interviewer instead of the interviewed.

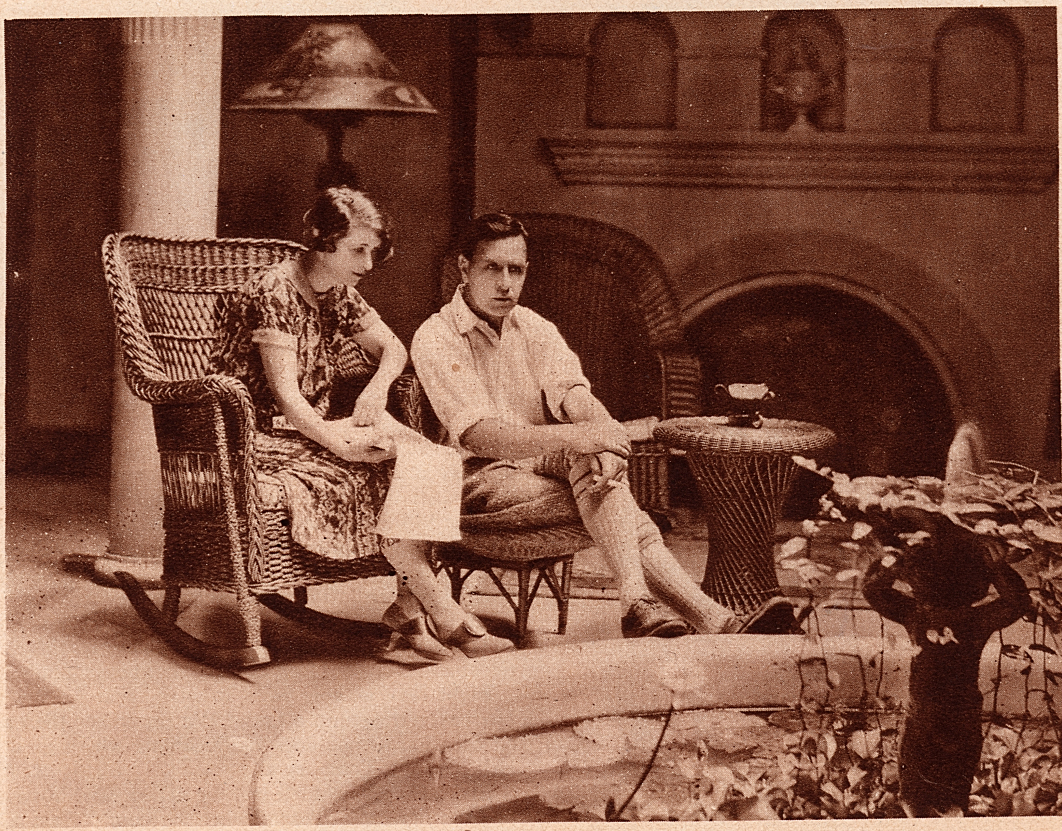
To get on with the story. We had tea at the Ambassador the other day—yes, we go to the Ambassador whenever we're invited—with Adele Rowland, wife of Conway; the "little woman at home," as it were; only this little woman is most at home on the vaudeville stage. She is the *piece de resistance* of the All-Star Bill and saves her best numbers for encores. And it's no mean feat to be sure of encores with these summer audiences who radiate the "Well, let's see what you can do and make it snappy" attitude.

Anyway, we went into the main tea room at the Ambassador and came out again in a hurry, for, lo and behold, they had it converted into a chapel for a wedding. Personally, we were all for sticking around to see what the bride had landed, being a pessimist by nature, but Miss Rowland led us protestingly away.

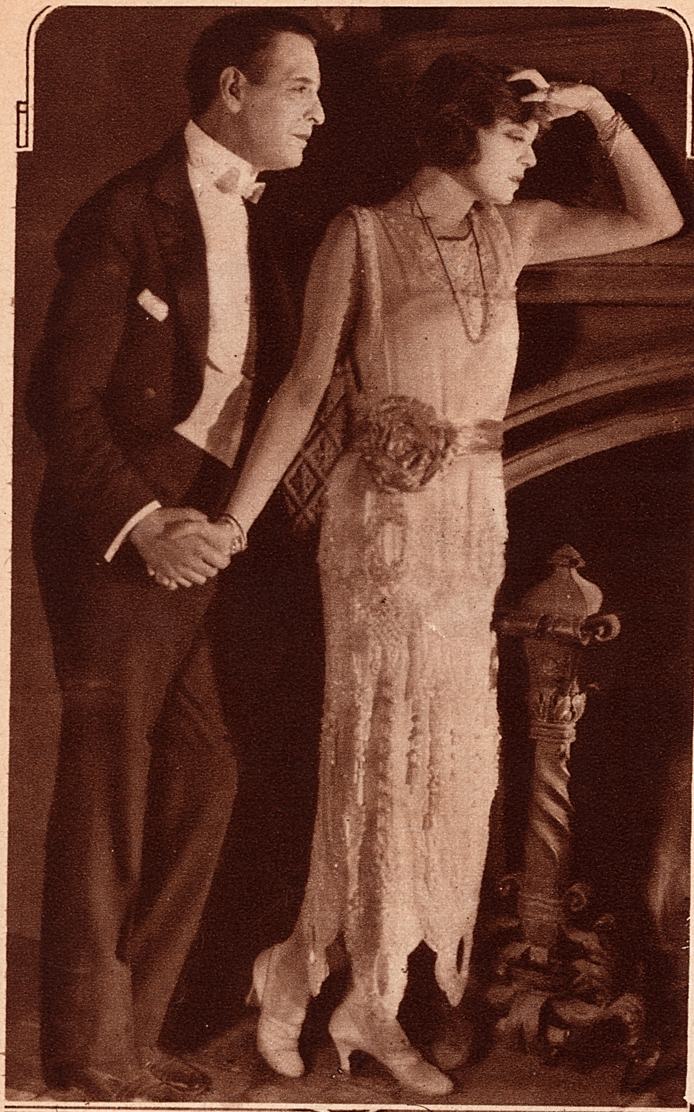
"It's wonderful!" we gasped.

"Nothing's wonderful that happens every day," she admonished.

"There are just as many pretty stenographers as pretty actresses," *Adele Rowland* told us. "If your husband has the roaming instinct, nothing on this planet or *Mars* is going to cramp his style."



On the left is a picture of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Tearle* in their *Hollywood* home. *Mr. Tearle* is remaining in the movies instead of returning to the stage because his wife always has ten more reasons for keeping up his screen work than he has for giving it up. And there you are.



Adele Rowland insists that *Conway Tearle* is a joy to be with. He has everything, but temperament, so she says, and adds that temperament is just another name for bad temper, anyhow.

And since it was her party we had to be docile, which, by the way, goes very much against the grain.

Well, we got a table in the next room and some Orange Pekoe and some cinnamon toat (2,000 calories) and started to interview as if we knew something about it.

"Why don't you go into the movies?" we asked, as one inspired.

"Because," replied our hostess, "everybody in the movies is twenty-eight—they never get any older. I'm twenty-nine."

Being no good at snappy dialogue, we just let it go. Besides, it's unusual for us to be taken seriously, and the novelty of it proved to be the thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

"Miss Rowland," we went on, undaunted, "how does it feel to be the wife of one of the screen's great lovers?"

"Simply wonderful," came the quick response, "when the man in question is Conway Tearle. He is a perfect joy to be with. He has everything but temperament, and that's no asset to anyone. It, to me, means just one thing and that is bad temper. My husband is the most unspoiled human being I've ever met. There isn't the tiniest bit of conceit in his make-up and he is unselfish to a fault."

WE couldn't help but feel that Miss Rowland comes naturally by all the talents it takes the best press agents years at adjectives to acquire, and we told her so.

"It's easy to boost a good product," she assured us.

"Yes, but how does it feel to have it around the studio with the bad products?"

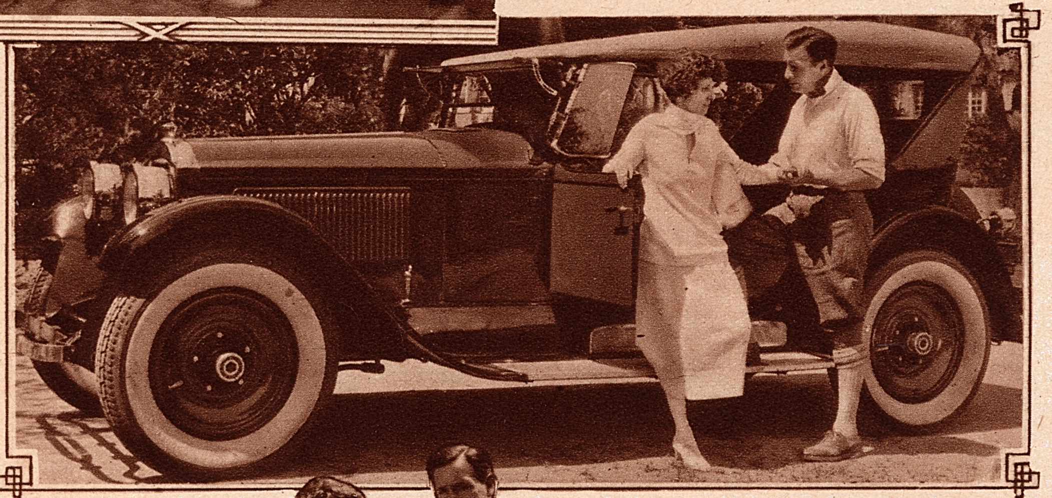
"My dear," displaying the patience one has with a small child or a mother-in-law, "it's his job to play opposite beautiful girls, if that's what you mean.

"Just as the man next door goes to the office and the lawyer across the street goes to court, my husband goes to the studio. And there are just as many pretty stenographers as there are pretty actresses, and if one's husband has the roaming instinct, nothing on this planet or Mars is going to cramp his style.

"My husband is all business at the studio and when he lays aside his make-up he puts away his business manner and comes home the perfect companion. And I don't have to feel for one moment that I'm competing with the Lasky lot, either. He's never told me——"

"Of course he wouldn't——"

"He's never told me," ignored our hostess, "that home isn't the pleasantest place on earth, and until he does I'm not going to look for trouble. He has lots of friends and only one enemy—a dress suit. He hates it like a cat hates water, and that's some. I have to run the gamut from coaxing to threatening every time we go out in the evening. He's not nearly as happy on a dance floor as on the tennis court or the golf links, for he's not a party boy, but a he-man.



"Mr. Tearle stayed in the movies to please me. Many a time he's been on the verge of returning to the stage, but I'd say, 'No, the screen is the place for you,' and give him ten more reasons for keeping it up than he could give me for giving it up, and, as you see, so far I've won."

And we imagine it's sort of characteristic of Adele Rowland to win anything she goes after, be it the prize at bridge, a vaudeville audience or Conway Tearle; for everything is a game to her and she goes into it all with a desire to come out on top. She has confidence—not conceit, and is an ardent disciple of Coué.

"How do you account for your success, if any, at marriage?" we inquired, always anxious to hear the worst.

"Marriage isn't such a teaser," replied our companion. "It's just a game of Give and Take—mostly give—for both parties. It's a fifty-fifty contract that most of the time has to be a sixty-forty one. Either party has to be willing to unbend and be the one to go more than half way.

"The reason a good many marriages go on the rocks is because neither husband or wife will give in a bit to the other. They call their innate stubbornness 'character.' They feel that if they give in once, they'll always have to. That isn't so. It's no sign of weakness to say, 'You're right; I'm wrong.' It takes character to do that. Anyway, battles seldom punctuate our domestic bliss—for, you see, Conway is always ready to cry quits."

Right here we told Miss Rowland that we saw Mr. Tearle in person once. He was getting into a taxi. We remember the exact spot, having revisited it on occasion as one does the locations where great events took place—Bunker Hill, Grant's Tomb, et al.

And as we rose to leave, we asked Miss Rowland if she'd arrange for us to interview Mr. Tearle when he comes East again. Being interviewed is also his job—we plan to see that he earns his salary.

At the top of the page is *Conway Tearle* in a love scene of *"Lilies of the Field,"* with the always beautiful *Corinne Griffith* . . . just above, the *Tearle* family enacts a scene of their own while the destination of their drive is decided upon . . . and on the right is another informal snapshot of the *Tearles*.

Where the dusk drops soft purple shadows over the canyons . . . and quiet fills the air, sweet with flowers . . . outside the town limits of *Hollywood*, which is fast becoming a busy, noisy town, *Lois Wilson* has built herself a home.

We think it altogether fitting and proper that *Lois* should have her own home. Some women seem to belong to gay cafes and cabarets . . . but *Lois*, with her demure simplicity, seems to belong behind the sheltering walls of a home, or in the quiet walks of a garden. She is a homemaker . . .

The Home Maker

Lois Wilson Builds Her Home in the Foothills of Hollywood

All Photographs by Richee

Because she is quiet and lacking in spectacular efects, it seems to us, *Lois Wilson* has never had her due of glory and fame. She gives the screen consistently good portrayals . . . better portrayals than others who know a more brilliant stardom ever give . . .

We're glad *Lois* has built a home for her mother and herself and we hope the goose will always hang high beneath the *Wilson's* sloping eaves.

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On the SET

When *Ramon Novarro* received a hurry call to entrain for *New York* from *California*, it meant that *Marcus Loew*, the movie magnate, had decided to give him the hero role in *"Ben Hur." Novarro* sailed with *Mr. Loew* on the *Leviathan* and *Alice Terry* was on hand to bid her erstwhile screen lover bon voyage.

Mack Sennett had wearied of the motion picture producers ever deciding who shall play *Romeo* and who *Juliet*. He is presenting his own version of this *Shakespearian* tragedy, with *Benjamin Turpin* as *Romeo* and *Natalie Kingston* as the fair *Juliet*.

Jetta Goudal checked out of her *New York* hotel and recently arrived in *Hollywood*, where a group of movie stars greeted her at the station. She had barely time to unpack her several trunks before she began work on *"Open All Night."*

The Mountainside Garage in *Hollywood* is quite the busiest in this section of *California* . . . which may or may not be due to the fact that *Viola Dana* is its efficient owner. Here is *Viola* looking over her business with an experienced eye. Incidentally, she is reputed to be one of the finest business women in *California*.

The rumor has become insistent in picture circles in Hollywood that William S. Hart, famous "Western" screen star, is about to retire once again—and this time permanently—from the screen. His marital difficulties with Winifred Westover and his late disagreement with Jesse Lasky, chief of the Famous Players film concern, are said to have turned his affections and interests more and more away from the world of the camera. He will, if his retirement becomes effective, purchase a ranch in Southern California and spend his idle months there. For the rest, it is highly probable that Hart will make occasional vaudeville appearances. He has already been approached with several tempting offers, it is understood.

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Frank Keenan, veteran character actor, has just married for the second time. His first wife died some years ago after some thirty years of wedded life with Keenan. The new bride is Margaret White, a music teacher of Los Angeles, not yet twenty-five. Mr. Keenan is sixty-eight.

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Constance Talmadge is going to let her hair grow! After a few years of being bobbed—and being unusually successfully bobbed—she has grown weary of the fashion and is ready to let nature take its course again. She remarks, incidentally, that she is sure she will be right in fashion—her prediction being that shorn locks will be tempered by the wind of next season's fashion and that bobs will gradually cease to be the universal law in topknots.

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Mme. Alla Nazimova and Milton Sills are to co-star in a new screen play called "The Madonna of the Streets." It is an adaptation from the story by W. B. Maxwell, "The Ragged Messenger."

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Jackie Coogan is on the last lap toward completion of his picture, "Little Robinson Crusoe," which is being filmed at the old Metro studio in Hollywood. When Jackie is finished the studio will be razed and the property used for other purposes. Metro has moved East.

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Alice Terry is to play the leading feminine role of the picturization of William Vaughan Moody's stage play, "The Great Divide."

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Casting directors in Hollywood have been busy of late making reputations and opportunities for those already possessed of plenty of both. Madge Bellamy is to be co-starred with Herbert Rawlinson in "Rose of Napoli," a Universal production; co-featured with Charles De Roche in "Love and Glory"; and co-featured with James Kirkwood in "The Night Cap." Lon Chaney is to play the leading role in the celluloid version of Leonid Andreyef's play, "He Who Gets Slapped," in which Richard Bennett starred so successfully on the stage, and ZaSu Pitts is to have her first important "straight" non-character role in "The Legend of Hollywood," in which Percy Marmont is to star.

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No less busy have been those who attend to the buying of literary material which gives prospect of being remedied into screen form. Marie Corelli's famous story, "The Sorrows of Satan," after years of negotiation, has finally been obtained for the screen by Famous Players, and "Cheaper to Marry," Sam Shipman's stage comedy of good and bad manners and morals, has been bought by Metro-Goldwyn.

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Pat O'Malley has just turned down an offer to return to circus life. He used to be a slack wire artist, and traveled with different circuses.

Recently Pat felt the longing to smell the sawdust once more. He went down to where the Al G. Barnes show has its winter quarters, near Santa Monica, and had a talk with Barnes. Barnes made O'Malley an offer to return to the circus, with a good, fat salary, but Pat had to decline.

"Life with a circus is a wonderful training," said Pat, "but for one who has lived in Southern California with his family, the idea

and OFF

of going back to life under the big top isn't exactly appealing, after all. Movie folks who complain about hard work should join a circus for a season."

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Cullen Landis is dolling up in the cowboy scenery, these days. And it begins to look as though East is West, and vice versa. For while Cecil De Mille makes a story of blasé and idle rich on Long Island out West, First National is planning to make "Tumbleweed," a Western story in which Landis has the leading role, back in New York.

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If you have been wondering what has become of George O'Hara of late, your worries may now be said to be over. George is to be co-starred with Alberta Vaughn in a series of comedies to be made by F. B. O., and called "The Go-Getters."

In the meantime O'Hara has been having a nice vacation swimming, fishing and reading all the latest books. George is a great reader, and has an immense library. He reads everything—history, new fiction, and travel. He declares, in fact, that he is "book poor." George plans to go abroad sometime within a year or so, and he is reading up on all the important places he will visit.

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One *Ernest Linkampf*, a *Viennese* portrait painter, has come to *America* for the purpose of painting portraits of *America's* fifteen most beautiful women. Needless to say, *Claire Windsor* has already posed for one of his first portraits.

Betty Blythe found her sweet, old-fashioned house and garden in Hollywood in the best condition when she arrived after her several seasons abroad. She had had a good care-taker, and even her favorite rose bush had been carefully tended.

One of Betty's chief delights is visiting her pretty garden in the morning, and gathering flowers for the house. The garden is a picturesque tangle of shrubbery, ferns and flowers.

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There seems to be a new romance blooming in Hollywood. Ronald Coleman, who, you remember, played the leading male role in Lillian Gish's picture, "The White Sister," and Lois Wilson, are going about together, dancing, dining and attending the theatre.

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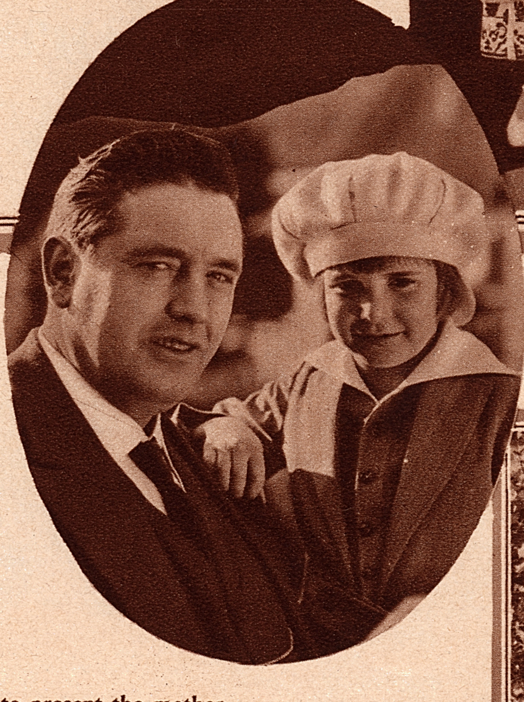

No celebrity ever visits *Hollywood* without visiting *Jackie*. For the young *Coogan's* brilliancy is talked of far and wide. *John McCormack* is the latest personage *Jackie* has entertained.

One tiny life came to stay in the film colony, the other day, and on the same day another tiny life came and went away again. So there is rejoicing in one home and deep sadness in the other.

Two happy prospective mothers were Barbara Bedford and Doris May. Miss Bedford (in private life Mrs. Albert Roscoe) gave birth to a little girl in June, and she is already christened Barbara Edith.

Doris May, who in private life is the wife of Wallace MacDonald, gave birth to a little boy on the same day. It lived only a few hours.

Friends of the MacDonalds sympathize deeply with them. The MacDonalds are one of the ideally happily married couples in filmland.

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Clara Bow is going to get away from the eternal flapper roles, it would seem, in her next picture, "Empty Hands," she has been cast in the tragic role of an unhappy wife.

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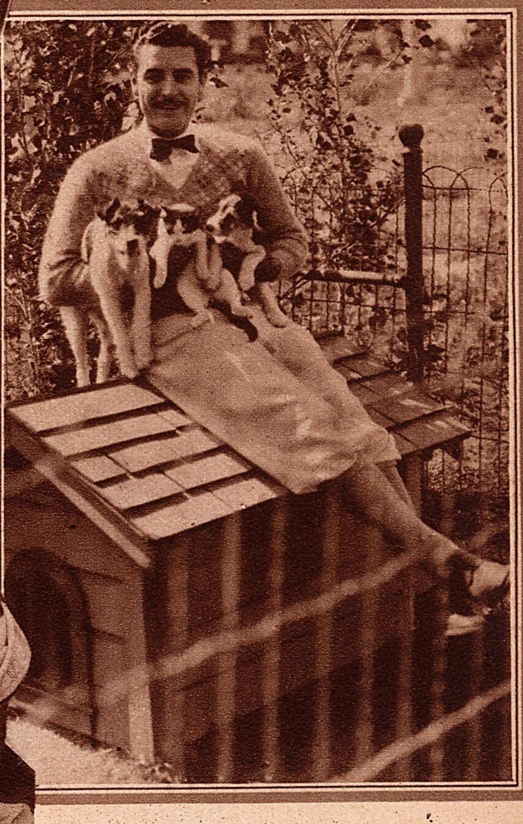
Mabel Normand is at home again in Los Angeles, and says that her (*Continued on page*

We are glad to present the mother of *Merton of the Movies* . . . because *Glenn Hunter* has never posed with his mother before . . . and because she looks the way we think mothers ought to look.



Jack Gilbert* looks quite pleased with life. And well he may. He is the husband of *Leatrice Joy*, for one thing. That seems enough distinction for any one male. But, added to this, *Elinor Glyn* has chosen him for the hero in *"His Hour."

Fig 37

Fig 38

Fig 39

Fig 40

The Star Face Contest

Only Three More Weeks After This Week

Only three more weeks and the contest will be closed. For several weeks it has been closed to everyone who had not already entered and those of you who are in the contest may have the satisfaction of knowing that you will have no further increase in the number of competitors.

The point values have risen again, this set being good for a total of 36 points, nine points for each successful identification. Study them closely, the contest is going fast and furious and those that send in the correct answers are certainly going to be well rewarded. You have as good prospects as anyone.

There's one important thing to be considered: What class are you in? A, or B, or C? And this is most important because the winner of the first prize will receive $2,500.00 if in Class C, $2,000.000 if in Class B, and $1,500.00 if in Class A, the same being true with all the larger prizes. It's no trouble to get into Class B or C—all you have to do is send one or two yearly subscriptions to Movie Weekly as explained in the prize list. Hundreds of others are entering the higher classes. Perhaps you have already done so. If not, why not do so now? Why not get as large a reward as you possibly can in case you are among the winners?

Another thing—in case you have been unable to get a copy of any one of the issues of Movie Weekly and consequently have missed one of the sets, just mail us ten cents and we will send you the missing copy from our files postpaid.

—CLIP HERE AND MAIL—

IDENTIFICATION BLANK

(Read All Contest Rules)

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

SET NO. 10—Nine points will be allowed for each correct answer in this set.

Figure No. 37 is..

Figure No. 38 is..

Figure No. 39 is..

Figure No. 40 is..

My name is..

Address ....

City .... State..................

(Write plainly)

LIST OF PRIZES

	CLASS A (For those who send in no subscriptions)	CLASS B (For those who send in 1 subscription)	CLASS C (For those who send in 2 subscriptions)
First Prize	$1,500	$2,000	$2,500
Second Prize	500	750	1,000
Third Prize	200	200	500
Fourth Prize	150	225	300
Fifth Prize	100	150	200
10 Prizes of	20	30	40
20 Prizes of	10	10	10
40 Prizes of	5	5	5

Nine points will be allowed for each correct identification of this week's silhouette's. It costs nothing to compete. Any person, except those specfiied in Rule 1 of the Contest Rules, can compete for Class A prizes. Anyone who sends in one yearly subscription for MOVIE WEEKLY can compete for Class B prizes. Anyone who sends in two yearly subscriptions can compete for Class C prizes. For instance, if the person who wins first prize has turned in no subscriptions at all, he will be paid $1,500.00; if he has turned in one yearly subscription to MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,000.00; if he has turned in two yearly subscriptions for MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,500.00, etc. Subscriptions may be turned in at any time during the contest ano may be new or renewal subscriptions. Subscriptions may be for yourself or friends. Two six months' subscriptions at $2.00 each, or four three months' subscriptions at $1.00 each, count the equivalent of one yearly subscription. One two years' subscription at $8.00 is equivalent to two individual yearly subscriptions.

CONTEST RULES

1. Any person may enter the contest except employees and immediate relatives of employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc.
2. In case of a tie, each contestant will be paid the amount of the prize tied for.
3. Each entry will be considered solely on its merits. Whether you have or have not sent in subscriptions will have no bearing on your chances of winning.
4. The Judges are three famous movie stars, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino and Richard Barthelmess.
5. All contestants agree to abide by the Judges' decisions.
6. No contestant is eligible to win more than one prize. There will be paid only one first prize, one second prize, etc., except in case of a tie, the amount paid depending on which class the winner is in.
7. No scores will be given out during the contest.
8. Each silhouette set solution must be mailed within 20 days of the date of issue of the magazine in which it appears.
9. During the first six weeks of the contest, special entry privilege was allowed to late comers who failed to enter on time with the first sets.
10. Contest started with the issue of May 24th and ends with the issue of August 16th. All answers must be mailed before midnight, September 5th

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

CHECK HERE
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Renewal ☐

Dear Sir:—Please send MOVIE WEEKLY for one year to the address listed below, for which I enclose $4.00. Kindly credit subscription to me in MOVIE WEEKLY Contest.

Subscriber's name ....

Subscriber's address ....

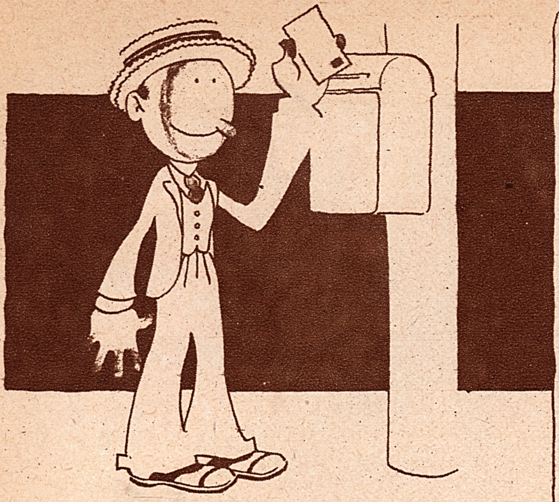
City..State..................

My name is..

My address is..

City..State..................

(Subscriptions may be sent in any time during contest.)



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

PLAIN JANE—Do I like to answer questions? Well, at least it's a harmless occupation, though I try not to let my enthusiasm for it keep me awake at nights. Ruth Clifford lives at 7267 Emelita, Los Angeles. I don't know whether she is married. Shirley Mason and Bebe Daniels are both twenty-three, Marie Prevost twenty-six.

STAR—Nothing has happened to Clara Bow, fortunately. She has been working, gay as a lark, busy as a bee, on "Daughters of Pleasure." Address Hedda Hopper at 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

OBLIGE MISS SSMITH—Of course I'll oblige Miss Smith. Particularly am I obliging when it doesn't involve much work. Norman Kerry lives at 1745 McCadden Place, Los Angeles.

V. L.—Leon Barry was born in Paris and formerly played with Sarah Bernhardt. He lives at 1855 Winona Blvd., Los Angeles, and was once married to Marie Francoise.

MISS JOSEPHINE—See LITTLE ME.

MUTT—Your questions almost didn't get answered, because you wanted replies in the next issue. Do you think we just dash off Movie Weekly in an idle moment after dinner? Remember to allow time for printing. Bebe Daniels is the heroine in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Write Rudolph at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island—also Bebe, Lois Wilson and Agnes Ayres.

JEFF—I refuse to bet a doughnut on whether or not I answer your questions. If we bet at all, it's got to be something we both like. Write Cullen Landis, Biograph Studio, 807 E. 175th St., New York. Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carleton Way, Hollywood, and Charles Jones at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles.

PAT—So you'd like to meet Bert Lytell most of all? Well, Bert is worth walking a mile to meet. Yes, he is married, to Evelyn Vaughn. He is living at the Hotel Algonquin, New York.

WHITE ROSE—And you've been dreaming about me! What had you been eating, Welsh rarebit, to give you bad dreams like that? Pearl White has been living in Paris for several years and unfortunately I have no address for her.

AN ADMIRER OF GLORIA—There's no danger of your letter straining my eyes—they're good and strong. I sometimes fear for my intellect, however, when hundreds of questions are popped at me. Gloria Swanson's shop girl experience took place in New York, where she made "Manhandled." She has all her mail sent to the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Baby Peggy must be nearly six now. The Harold Lloyds live at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles. The stork has visited their home since you wrote.

LITTLE ME—So you don't think I'm an old man. Dear, dear, everybody is getting so wise these days they won't even believe in Santa Claus. Edward Burns lives at 1346 Sycamore St., Los Angeles, and Robert Frazer at 1905 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles. Address Richard Dix at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood; his sister sends out his photos for him from there. I suppose he charges a quarter, as he gets so many requests it would cost him hundred of dollars to send them free. No, Lois Wilson is not engaged to J. Warren Kerrigan. By all means, write me again.

HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—With Charles Mack! Well, at least I don't believe he's married, if that's any comfort to you. He was a prop boy at the Griffith Studio, I understand, when D. W. saw screen possibilities in him and gave him a part in "Dream Street." He had the lead in "Driven," and appeared also in "The Darling Years," and, of course, "America."

GERTRUDE S.—Viola Dana is twentysix. She is the widow of John Collins.

I. F. W.—All is forgiven, as they say in the "Personals." I don't even remember how you spelled in your previous letter; several hundred missives have poured over the desk since then.

M. M. H.—I don't believe Joseph Striker is married. You can probably reach him at the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. Corinne Griffith is twenty-six.

BRIGHT EYES—I get a lot of bright eyes on my page, don't I? Bebe Daniels' latest picture is "Unguarded Women." See MUTT and PLAIN JANE. May McAvoy is twenty-three, is not married and can be reached at the Lasky Studio; see LITTLE ME.

S. L. A. B.—Slab of what? Bert Lytell has been making "Born Rich." See PAT. Pauline Starke lives at 410 N. Normandie Place, Los Angeles. Write Elaine Hammerstein, c-o Truart, 1540 Broadway, New York. Claire Windsor, Hotel Algonquin, New York. See WHITE ROSE.

HENIE—It's hard to keep track of the Lee kids' ages, but I believe Jane and Katherine are about nine and eleven by now.

M. S.—See LITTLE ME.

FRENCHIE—Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine, is married to Mary Hay and there is a Mary Hay, Jr.

ROBERTA E. S. OF ORLEANS—What are you going to do, start a picture gallery? Write John Gilbert at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, William S. Hart, Beverly Hills, Cal.; Charles De Roche, Lasky Hollywood Studio.

BLUE EYES—Conway Tearle, before his marriage to Adele Rowland, was at one time married to Josephine Parker.

A MAE MURRAY—I suppose I can't say again that she needs a fan this hot weather—I've used that one too often. Mae was born in Portsmouth, Va., in 1893. She is 5 feet4, weighs 110, and has golden hair and blue eyes.

M. L.—Here you get a crush on an actor and you don't even learn his name right. You ask me how old and tall *Rudolph* Schildkraut is. Rudolph doesn't play in pictures, but in New York's Yiddish Art Theatre. You are doubtless thinking of Rudolph's son, Joseph. He is twenty-eight and about six feet tall. He lives at 39 E. 27th St., New York. Ramon Novarro gives his height as 5 feet 10. His real name is Jose Ramon Sameniegos. Edward Burns is twenty-seven; his latest picture is "Broadway After Dark."

I MAKEMLAF—What are you, a clown in the circus, or just cross-eyed? Alice Lake lives at Hillview Apts., Hollywood. She married Robert Williams, a vaudeville actor, last March. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., about thirty years ago. Sorry I don't know David Powell's home address.

LOUISE—How must you gain my friendship? Well, now, let's see; what would you suggest? Have you any special tricks you would like to perform? Seriously, though, I like all Movie Weekly readers to consider me their friend. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais.

The Confessions of a Cameraman

BY FRANK PERUGINI

THERE are two things I am not ashamed to admit I am afraid of in the making of motion pictures, and they are, fire and water.

Whenever I am given a script to read which I am to photograph and there are fire or flood scenes in it, I never rest easy until they are safely photographed, O.K.'d, and put away in the vault. In this article I am going to tell you of one or two experiences I have had with fire scenes.

Fire is one of those things which once you get started you never know how it is going to act, and the tough part of it is that you can't bawl directions at it through a megaphone.

When you start to make fire scenes you've got to have people who know how to handle it, a lot of water handy, and most important of all, a lot of luck.

Still, fires can be handled, and it is possible to get scenes and effects just the way you want them if you have ONE man who knows what it's all about, and a good crew who will take orders and execute them promptly.

Most of the trouble with fire scenes, and the causes of accidents, is the too generous use of such things as gasoline and kerosene, resulting in the fire getting beyond control, and somebody getting hurt, or a lot of property getting damaged.

When I am given a script to read which I am to photograph and there are fire and flood scenes in it I never rest easy until they are safely put away in the vault.

When I see people like that handling fire scenes, people who generally know it all and won't listen to suggestions, or reason, that I set my camera where I can make a quick exit from the immediate surroundings, if things get too hot for me, and I want to go on record right now as saying that in cases where a lot of "dubs" have handled fire scenes I haven't been disappointed yet in having things go "blooie!"

We made a picture last summer in which there was a sequence of thirty-six scenes in and around a burning cabin in the woods. It meant at least four days' work with the chance that if not properly handled and kept constantly under control the rebuilding of the cabin, and the probable burning of a lot of country.

We were over a week taking those scenes, as we worked only on days when there was little or no wind, and we had a dozen men armed with blankets, picks, shovels, and a lot of water to immediately put out any little fire started by some stray spark flying in the brush.

Taking those thirty-six scenes meant starting fires inside and outside of that cabin some forty or fifty times, and putting them out again. To anyone watching us we must have looked like a lot of lunatics. A dozen men would fill as many buckets of water, arm themselves with blankets, etc. The actors would take their places, we would start the fire, go through the action, and just as soon as the director yelled "Cut!" everybody would rush in and throw water, blankets and whatever they were armed with and put the fire out.

It meant that every time we repeated that action, that each time we took a scene that the fire had to have the appearance that it was gaining headway, and once or twice, as we were getting near the climax of the sequence, it looked as if the darned thing was going to get away from us but quick work and clear thinking saved it.

When it was all over, with the exception of some singed hair and eyebrows that one of the actors got in making his escape from the cabin in one of the scenes, there was no one hurt and not a bit of the surrounding property damaged. Besides, we got our scenes just as we wanted them.

But that was one of the few times in making fire scenes where everything went according to schedule, where no one was hurt, or where the set didn't have to be built all over again with the resultant loss of time and money.

We were working on one of those "Down East" stories some years ago, and in it we had to burn a building.

It was to be one of those scenes where all the heroic and valiant efforts of the small town "Volunteer Hose Co. No. 1" was to be for naught, and the building was to burn to the ground. That's the way the scenario man wrote it.

We dug up one of those old-fashioned fire fighting contraptions, which was pulled by a dozen or more shouting lads in red shirts and fire helmets with a big "1" on them, and when they got to the fire, two men would grasp a few lengths of overgrown garden hose which was attached to the front end of the machine, while another would take a similar piece attached to the other end and look for a handy stream or well to lower it into, that being the source of supply.

The rest of those willing men and true would jump on either side of the apparatus and man a pair of long handles running the full length of it and proceed to pump like the dickens.

If by chance such a stream or well was within reach of their hose and the fire, their efforts would be rewarded by a puny stream of water which would be about as effective as a sprinkling can; if no water was handy, the brave fire laddies would just form an audience and enjoy the fire to its fullest extent, and when the building was burned to the ground, they would call it a day, gather up their apparatus and go home.

That was the effect we wanted to get in the picture, and we had a time finding the old-fashioned fire engine, as all those little New England villages are equipped with the latest model, motor driven chemical engines.

We had constructed the building to be burned on the beach of a summer colony near Providence, R. I., the latter city being the headquarters of the company I was with at the time, and the fire apparatus and crew, the entire fire department, we got in one of those small mill villages near there.

WE waited for a day when there was little or no wind blowing and with a gang of about four hundred extra people, started for our location, dragging the the fire engine, if you would call it such, behind the studio truck.

We first proceeded to take all our close-up shots, using mostly smoke pots and flares, and when we were ready to take the scene of the entire building burning the director instructed those brave fire laddies, to drag their apparatus up when he gave them the signal, get it into action, and TRY and put out the fire.

We figured, and so would anyone else, had they seen that contraption, that with the start the fire would get, with the aid of the gasoline we were going to pour on advantageous spots of the building, and by the time those men dragged that heavy wagon through the sand and got into action, they could pour all the water they could on it and not put it out.

BUT, "like all well laid plans," we figured all wrong.

We placed that fire department, red shirts, helmets and fire engine, about three hundred yards from the building, got the fire started, the mob going through their action around it, six cameras, placed in pairs, at different spots, cranking, and when we thought that fire had a good start, signaled the firemen.

There is danger as well as fascination at every turn of the mazing path which leads from scenario to completed film. Follow the Cameraman along that path and through some of those dangers and delights in this gripping story. It's an unusual journey—and a worth while one.

Talk about your big city, organized, and highly trained fire departments, they could have learned a lot about speed and action from that little volunteer, mill town, "Hose Company No. 1."

That bunch came charging through the crowd, dragging that heavy wagon through loose sand, and got into action quicker than you could wink an eye, working like a bunch of trained soldiers, and before you could wink the other eye, had put our nice fire out, soaked our building with a lot of salt water, as the ocean was their nearest source of supply, had the director tearing his hair out in bunches, and crabbed our nice scene most beautifully.

IT seems that those firemen did not like the way the director had said, TRY and put the fire out, their professional pride being hurt and their reputation as fire fighters at stake; they went out to show him that they not only could, but DID, put the fire out, and I might add, with neatness and despatch.

Naturally the scene could not go through that way, as, according to the story, the building had to be completely destroyed, so there was nothing for us to do but take it over again.

Our studio crew poured whatever gasoline they had left on that building and tried to start the fire again, but the firemen had done such efficient-work with their dinky little fire engine and the Atlantic Ocean that the darned thing wouldn't burn, so there was nothing to do but sit around and wait for that building to dry out a bit.

By this time we all had a lot more respect, not only for that little hand-power fire engine, but also for the crew that was handling it, so the director called them together and said to them:

"Boys, when we get this fire started again, I want you to pour water on it, but under no condition put it out, I want that building to burn to the ground."

The chief, for he must have been at least a chief, for he wore a white helmet, while the others wore red ones, and besides he carried a nickeled speaking trumpet, shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other and replied:

"Waal, if we git to that there fire, and she ain't got too much of a start on us, we'll put it out. We ain't goin' to have nobody joshin' us about not bein' able to put out a fire in a dinky little house like that."

So you see, with those boys it was purely a matter of professional pride, and as far as our picture was concerned, why that meant nothing in their young and innocent lives.

In a case of that sort, it's a matter of one outwitting the other, so the director did a little quick thinking, added a couple of scenes to the scenario, which would show the fire department struggling through that loose sand with their apparatus, placed two cameras at intervals of about three hundred yards to catch them as they came by, and in that way have sufficient cause in his story for that fire getting such headway that they could not put it out.

He despatched a car for more gasoline, and when it got back soaked that building good and plenty with it; he then placed that fire engine and crew about a thousand yards back, and we started the scene again.

This time the director waited until the fire had a grand start before signaling that fire department, and by the time they had pulled the engine through the sand and got into action it was burning so fiercely that they could not get near enough with their hose to reach it with the pressure they had, even with the bunch pumping until they almost broke their backs.

But we got the scene as we wanted it, and that building burned down to the ground.

AFTER it was all over, the director went up to the chief, who was standing contemplating the pile of smoking embers, and rubbing his chin, to thank him for his work.

The chief looked up as he came close, a reproachful look in his eye, and said:

"It's your fault. You waited too long before you got me started, and I couldn't make no headway through the sand."

The director laughed, and slapping him on the back said:

"But it's just what I wanted. It was great, and you boys did fine!"

The chief, still rubbing his chin and very much perplexed at it all, replied:

"Waal, I can't make out you movin' pitcher fellers at all, you git us down here to put out a fire, an' when we do ye ain't satisfied, an' when we don't, you're pleased to glory be. It's all beyond me!" And he walked away shaking his head.

Special problems perpetually arise which the cameraman, the director, or anyone or everyone who happens to be around the studio just at that particular moment have to try to cope with. It means that the expert picture man—no matter what his own separate branch of the "industry" may happen to be, should, to live, also be a top-notch fire-fighter, flood sponger, wrecking crew and general emergency and utility artist.

In everyday life folks are pretty well content if they can quietly mush along the ordinary tenor of their days and ways and keep out from under automobiles and trolley cars, keep the insurance premiums on fire and life and accident pretty closely paid up and be allowed to die peacefully some day or other in a four-poster with the wife and kiddies, etcetera, weeping politely on the counterpane.

Not so in the film-factories. Why, we spend our lives not in trying to avoid trouble, but in going out of our way to find it, and if we aren't able to run across just the right brand of tragedy or rough-house or disaster, we have to make it. And make it we often do!

ON the outside most people seem to think that everything done in the movies is necessarily "faked." If some poor leading man takes a somersault off a specially high cliff and lands more or less right side up around the neck of a passing grizzly bear, the average wise boy with his best girl sitting in one of the very best second balcony seats generally has some marvelous explanation of just how it was done all ready to pour into the acceptant ear of his Loved One. Some of that sort of person ought to come around the studios and pour some of their ideas in *our* ears. Believe me, I know many an actor and director—*and* cameraman—who would be tickled to death to know how to get some of the right "effects" in a trouble and danger-saving fashion. Some things, of course, are faked, but darned few. And it isn't the safest or the wisest thing in the world *not faking*, take it from me.

There is only one way to make a flood—with water; only one way to make a fire—with matches and gasoline; only one way to make a wreck—and that is to spoil something and spoil it thoroughly.

Which goes to prove that some people outside of this business will never understand what it is all about.

I am going to tell you in another story about some fire scenes where the director almost lost his life and one of the actors with him.

"Wa'al, if we git to that there fire and she ain't got too much of a start on us, we'll put it out. We ain't goin' to have nobody joshin' us about not bein' able to put out a fire in a dinky little house like that."

What Our READERS Think Of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

While glancing over the many more or less attractively colored magazines displayed on the newsstand in the Grand Central Station, the striking photograph of Dagmar Godowsky which adorned a recent Movie Weekly caught my eye and I invested a dime in my first copy. I found the magazine unusually entertaining and it held my interest for a good hour's ride on the train.

I especially enjoyed "Do Movie Stars Make Good Mothers?" "Why I Married a Rich Man," and was pleased at the announcement that the original vamp, Theda herself, would soon be with us again.

The generous distribution of beautiful sepia photographs throughout Movie Weekly, including the full-page picture of William Hart; the well-written articles, studio gossip and other items of general interest put Movie Weekly in easy competition with many moving picture magazines selling for more than double the price. What I really found invaluable was the reliable and unprejudiced write-ups of my favorite critic, Harriette Underhill (whose column in the *Tribune* I always keep close track of) and the ratings of recent productions which act as an excellent guide to fans who want to be prepared for what they're going to get. I might add that my opinion of several of the latest photoplays which I have seen agrees exactly with the rating you have given them.

Now for the few things I don't like so well in Movie Weekly. First, I agree with your other critic-readers that the serial stories would hardly be missed—they take up too much valuable space and detract from the general high tone of your magazine. A short, complete, snappy story of studio life in each issue would be looked forward to by your readers with far more anticipation. Also, I think Rudy Valentino's narrative of his trip abroad is somewhat drawn out, but of course some of his staunch admirers possibly cannot hear enough of him.

A good idea woulld be to get out a different special each week—a "Flapper" number with Colleen Moore on the front page and the next few pages illustrated with various others who "flap." "An Old Timers" Number, "Bathing Beauties, Pugilists, Bad Men—Mothers—Heroes—Blondes—Brunettes—Children" of the screen and any other subject which might be interesting.

But in all sincerity I can say that Movie Weekly just as it stands by itself is so chock full of everything a fan wants to know that there isn't very much room for criticism.

Mae Rubens.

Are European Men Better Lovers Than Americans?

Lately the European men have known a tremendous popularity on our screen. Is it because they are greater lovers than the American men? We want to hear what you think about this . . . and about all the other things you think.

In a few weeks this page will be turned over entirely to the praise and comment and criticism we receive regarding every phase of motion pictures. This will be the reader's open forum . . . the public platform. We believe that this department will prove popular . . . for everyone enjoys expressing his or her opinion, and we plan to pay a dollar for every letter printed and also to publish the writer's photograph.

Let the Editor's mailbag overflow.

However, we shall continue to be interested in letters telling us What Our Readers Think of Us, but instead of publishing these letters, we will publish simply a list of the prize winners.

You notice that I have started with adverse criticism. I want to get the disagreeable part off my mind, and now I take great pleasure in telling you why I enjoy reading every issue of Movie Weekly. First, in my estimation, come the various departments such as Chit Chat, Reel Dope, The Colonel and that conducted by the Film Flapper. These give the reader enjoyable and human glimpses into the everyday life of the motion picture world. Next come those articles describing the making of great pictures such as "The Covered Wagon," "The Thief of Bagdad," etc. They are very interesting and we would like more of them. Secondly, why not issue a bigger and thicker magazine than the present one?

Belle Handelman.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

The June 4th, Norma Talmadge, Star-Edited Number was splendid from cover to cover. I am a firm believer in letting the stars take a hand, it adds interest and shows how close Movie Weekly is to the movie world. Most magazines do not have the personal interest which distinguishes yours.

Pictures; big and little, scenes and portraits of work and play, of home life and work-a-day life of movie folks—I love them all. There is nothing so interesting as pictures and, since many people get most of their knowledge from pictures, Movie Weekly's pages are always *alive*. I don't know but what I like pictures best of all. They influence greatly the things I read first.

Movie Weekly comes nearer reaching my ideal of a screen magazine than any other. I do enjoy the home life of our stars, the Whispers of the Film Flapper, Chit Chat, The Reel Dope, The Colonel, On the Set and Off, Studio News Notes, What Our Readers Think of Us—in other words, I enjoy practically everything printed in your magazine. It is lively and up-to-date, and at the same time interesting and clean. That's the main reason I like it.

I would like to see more about our juvenile stars. It would be a great lesson for our little folks to know the way the little folks on the screen live, and to know that they are real normal children like themselves.

When I decided to write this letter, I immediately began to look for objectional features and, having read it over and over, came to the conclusion that Movie Weekly could not be much better.

In closing let me add that I, for one, will always be a booster.

Vesta Camp Bergeon.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

First of all, I wish to confess that I am not at all an enthusiastic movie fan. In fact, I wouldn't ordinarily be seen reading any movie magazine—with one exception, Movie Weekly. I was first introduced to the one and only Movie Weekly about a year ago and since then I can truthfully say that I haven't missed a single issue.

I belong to a club of young men and women who are practically all in hearty accord with my sentiments in regard to your magazine. I therefore feel that I am writing this as a sort of unofficial representative of my club.

Now, to come down to business, so to speak, it may perhaps be superfluous to say that I consider Movie Weekly very ably edited. Every reader realizes that. The various articles are, from a literary point of view, excellent, but the interviews with movie stars seem to me to be a trifle insincere. I wonder, as I read them, if what they say is the real truth. Another thing, when Valentino's story of his trip abroad first started, I enjoyed it very much, but now it seems to me to be a veritable "story without end." It really is too long drawn out and is in danger of becoming tiresome.

Your fiction stories, if you will pardon my saying so, are really not worth considering; they appear to be a product of the author's vivid imagination.

Honorable Mention

I am confronted with a problem, always the same problem, strange to say, every Thursday. It is whether to invest my spare dime in Movie Weekly or put it in my thrift bank. Movie Weekly has never failed thus far in this dilemma and I feel positive that no dime was ever better invested.

Emile Coué must have visited the Macfadden Building and given them his philosophy, for truly—Every week, in every way, Movie Weekly gets better and better. That's truth, not fiction. It always was good, understand, but good is not the superlative. This is not "blarney," but plain sincerity. It certainly is the best it has ever been!

I have the June 21st issue before me. "Minister Would Like to Wed Bebe Daniels." Most extraordinary headline—ministers are usually condemning actresses. One reason why the casual passerby is attracted to this particular number. "Do Movie Stars Make Good Mothers?" Here is a bit of intimacy that married women will not pass by. "Why I Married a Rich Man" will, of course, attract the flapper. To those few who have been able to withstand these intriguing features, the exquisite pose of Dagmar Godowsky will be fatal. This number surely should be a financial gain. Many more features inside—every one most interesting well-written and (*Continued on page* 31)

The True Story of My Life

(Continued from page 8)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

In the two previous instalments of her Life Story, Miss Blythe has carried herself through the important adventures of being born and being educated, to the threshold of her career on stage and screen. She has told of her cultivated and highly-educated Los Angeles family, of her studies under vocal masters at home and abroad in the effort to cultivate her naturally beautiful voice, of her first alarm-fraught amateur stage performances, of her first success in vaudeville, and of the first two real professional opportunities which she won for herself—first in minor roles, then in major ones in the plays "So Long Letty" and "Experience." Miss Blythe has described the first "troupers" with whom she traveled on theatrical road tours, and revealed how first she glimpsed what might prove to be real and lasting success in the theatre. And, last of all, she has spoken of the painful accident to her ankle which threatened her with the horror of never being able to walk straight again. From that point she carries on in this instalment.

to me that this man was looking at me very keenly, quite impersonally, and perhaps from a picture angle.. Could it be, I thought, that I can find work here? And, needing money and employment very badly, I looked him in the eye and replied wholly untruthfully:

"Oh yes. I have made pictures in California."

He asked me if I had any still pictures, to which I replied:

"Not with me. I can bring them tomorrow."

The arrangement was made to do so and he excused himself and left. Just then Virginia entered the outer office with her arm tucked in that of Earle Williams. I had seen his pictures in magazines, though not on the screen, and admired him extremely. I became so flustered by his presence, and from what the stranger the moment before had hinted to me about work that, when introduced, I blushed, stammered, and looking into Mr. Williams' face, said:"

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Earle."

What a dreadful blunder to make with a movie hero who feels certain the whole world knows his right name. Later I had the pleasure of working with him, playing the part of his mother—when she was a young girl, however.

The next day I returned to the studio with many pictures which had been taken at various times for the theatre. The man who had approached me in the vestibule was W. P. S. Earle, a most artistic and capable director. He explained to me that they had been all over New York, trying to find a girl who did not walk with the "debutante slouch," which was the vogue of that season, inferring thereby that I was very much out of style, because I carried my shoulders squarely, my chest up and my head high.

The part was that of a young noblewoman of an aristocratic English family who should be very dignified but at the same time youthful. Mr. Earle seemed to feel the serious difficulty of casting this had been overcome in finding me and promptly called a meeting of the officials of Vitagraph, comprising Mr. A. E. Smith, the President; the studio manager, the casting director and the camera man. As we passed through to the impressive and dignified office of the President, I thought to myself:

"Can this at last be the opening door to my career?" However, I endeavored to look self-possessed and did my quaking inwardly.

What seemed to me to be four awe-inspiring dragons were really four charming men, perfectly courteous, kindly, considerate and anxious to find talent, although, to me, they appeared so formidable and businesslike. They looked at me from every angle and asked me to stand up, to walk here, to turn there and then to sit down, and, after seeing my pictures, asked me what I had done.

Finally, the President said:

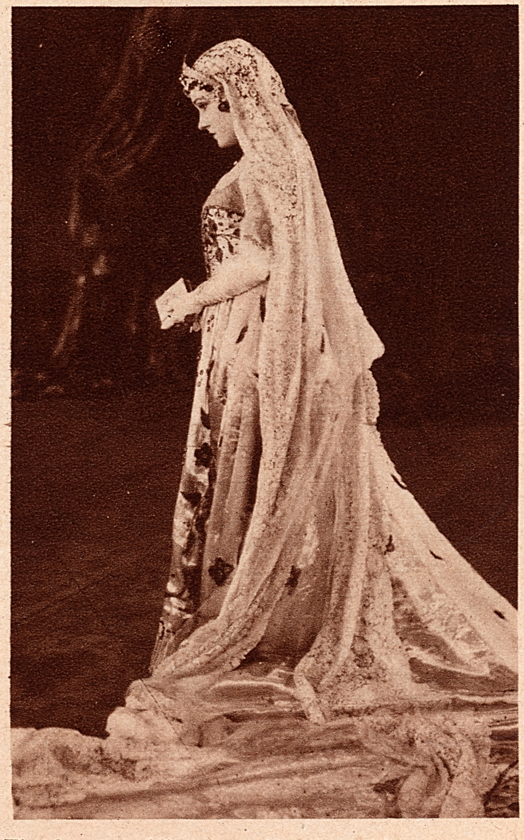
"Well, Miss Blythe, we are impressed by you, but afraid to trust an unknown actress with such a big part. Tell us just what you can do."

I shall never forget that moment. For the first time, I was impressed by the importance of the movies and I felt perhaps this was the big chance to express myself—to act!—and that was what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world.

In addition I could see a large board bill paid and perhaps a new dress in the offing and after these thoughts flitted quickly across my mind I looked at him as frankly as he had looked at me, and confidently replied:

"Mr. Smith, I can do whatever you give me to do better than anybody else you could find."

I got the part at $60 a week and was taken



The finest wedding gown in the world—as worn by Gloria Swanson in *"Her Love Story,"* a new *Paramount* picture. Lace, coronet, jewels and frock together exceed $100,000 in value.

to the wardrobe room, beautifully gowned with my second long train, shown to a charming dressing room and I went home at dusk walking on the wings of the air, wholly ignorant of what I had to do on the morrow. Now, you may think, dear reader, that the circumstances which led me to moving pictures are a fabrication, but I assure you it happened just this way. When they needed me, I needed them, and we were brought together. I had nothing to do with Opportunity, but I had a lot to do with being ready when Opportunity presented itself.

The name of this picture was "His Own People," starring Harry Morey and Gladys Leslie. I was to play the "heavy."

I had fibbed to get the position assuring them I could ride horseback, because my part called for an expert horsewoman which I was not. I had to then make good, and so on frosty mornings at six A. M. I would take a horse from the stables at 67th Street, and ride in Central Park with freezing toes and stiff joints.

Miss Alice Joyce was Vitagraph's leading star. Miss Corinne Griffith had just begun with them, and Agnes Ayres was playing parts. The first time I looked at Anges, I could scarcely speak, for her beauty so impressed me. She had the face of an angel, I thought.

Corinne Griffith eventually became my best friend and I cannot determine in which of the two roles she shines as superior—pal or artiste. In my mind, she is supreme in both. We began work immediately on the picture, and I did not even know how to make up. That alone is an art in itself for screen work as it is for the stage. I dared not reveal my ignorance by asking these primary questions but silently observing I acquired the "tricks of the trade" and soon became at home.

It was a lovely engagement and I met such delightful people, more like a family than a corporation. I suppose the other members of the company, tried screen actors who knew the work thoroughly understood after I played my first scene that I was a novice, but they said nothing to me and the weeks slipped by during which time my interest continued to increase and I longed to see myself on the screen but dared not ask permission.

Can you imagine the curiosity which almost ate me up? Finally it came time for the riding scenes while I was still far from being a good horsewoman.

I was to ride down a hill toward the camera but, unfortunately, that was the one thing I had not learned to do. Riding down a hill, you know, demands that you place your feet forward and lean back in your stirrups, instead of which I placed my feet back and leaned forward, with the result that as the horse loped down the hill, I loped ahead of him, turned two flips in the air, passed the camera headforemost, and landed on my head at the feet of the director.

'Ill wager he was so mad he could have killed me, because he then knew he had been duped, but he didn't swear as some fans think all directors do, but helped me up, brushed me off, and asked me to try it again.

When this picture terminated, I felt very sad that the work was coming to a close but, to my joy, it was not, because four of the seventeen directors then working in Vitagraph had asked for my services, when Mr. Earle should finish his picture, and I went directly to play the "heavy" in Alice Joyce's production "The Business of Life," under the excellent supervision of Mr. Tom Terriss. After that special production, I played in several 2-reel O. Henry's.

At this time, Arthur Guy Empey had just arranged to collaborate with Vitagraph to film his book, "Over the Top," which he had written as the result of his remarkable experience on the battlefields of France where he fought with the British Army. He had returned wounded and was then lecturing very successfully on the subject of the War because America had not yet entered the conflict.

He was very unhappy because they could not find an actress suitable for Madame Arnot, a character which he described as the French martyr and as he walked through the studio that day, on his first tour of inspection, he passed our set built to represent a "beanery," and laughingly observed two waitresses—one Alice Rodier and the other myself sporting a black eye, which my part in this O. Henry story called for; and, instantly, upon looking me over, called out:

"There's Madame Arnot."

The President of Vitagraph and the studio manager ridiculed him for the idea but he stuck to his guns and demanded to see me the next day in suitable clothes without a discolored optic. This was to be Vitagraph's biggest production, so I jumped at my chance, donned a tragic black gown with a long train, put a white streak through my hair and swept into the studio, hopeful, although quaking in the knees for fear of disapproval. The unanimous vote was for me and I began work within an hour in that splendid production, "Over the Top." It was, by the way, the first moving picture ever to play at the Lyric Theatre, West Forty-Second Street, New York, and now the popular "first night" house for special presentations.

The True Story of My Life

The newspaper reviews were so highly flattering about my work as Madame Arnot that my ego became very much inflated. A few days later, the casting director telephoned for me to call at his office for a new part. I did so and thrust under his eyes my press notices—the first I had received for screen work. I asked him if he did not think I was good.

He replied:

"Not so bad!"

I said:

"Don't you think I am worth more than you pay me?"

He answered:

"No."

WE argued and laughed a good deal and it ended in my getting the munificent raise of five dollars per week. As movie salaries go now, it would probably have been five thousand. I have often laughed over that because I thought surely my salary would double, anyway, but this clever representative of Vitagraph so deprecated my importance that I smilingly accepted a five dollar raise and left his office, thinking myself hardly worth that.

After I had read all these wonderful notices of "Over the Top," it dawned upon me that I had found my place at last; and I decided to become a screen actress "for keeps"—for better or for worse. Therefore, I threw myself into it joyously and whole-heartedly, playing heavies mainly, sometimes working in two pictures at the same time; a murderess, perhaps, in the morning, and in the afternoon a subtle vamp. Soon, after further successful parts, Vitagraph offered me a year's contract at $75 per week.

A dear little man, Eugene Mullen, with whom I became acquainted there, one of the most artistic and capable scenario editors in the profession today, suggested that he help me to save one-half that salary by collecting it from the office and putting it in his safe, so that at the end of the year I might leave Vitagraph, and independently wait for better contracts to follow. I agreed and within four weeks he had a neat little sum started for my bank account, when suddenly I bought a Steinway grand piano. It might have been a white elephant, or shares in a battleship, or a lot on Mars, or anything else but a grand piano. I saw it on sale in Brooklyn very reasonably, and found I could buy it by instalments and thus continue my vocal work and at the same time make a little home for myself with the grand piano as a start.

"My banker" was horrified and had to turn over to me all my savings for the first payment. He has never to this day ceased telling of this ingenious extravagance in the name of art.

Having purchased this beautiful and much-longed-for article in my first flush of success, I felt I should in turn sacrifice something for some-one else. Therefore, I kept my eyes open, watching for a subject, and eventually I found it in the form of a little newsboy standing shivering in the snow. My sympathies were aroused and I inquired if he had no overcoat. His reply was:

"My mamma's sick and so are the kids and I can't have a coat this winter."

I told him I would supply him with that very necessary covering if he would meet me the next day at the entrance of a certain store in Brooklyn. The appointed hour found him there, so we went inside and I fitted him out with coat, boots, woolen mittens, socks and cap. He was very cute and very proud, but when we emerged again to the street, I looked upon at least forty newsboys whom it seemed he had told about the "swell dame" who promised him an overcoat. Thinking one last sweet tooth would make his treasures seem the more luscious, I took my protege across the street to a candy store.

To my amazement, I heard an uproar behind me and the gang of forty urchins swarmed into the candy shop, milling about like hungry wolves with dirty hands extended. Close upon the heels of this onslaught followed a policeman, demanding an explanation of the riot. I attempted to explain, but he pushed me ruthlessly through the crowd into a waiting taxi, with the gruff warning, "Mind your own business. I know a h—— of a lot more about newsboys and their graft than you do."

MY memory of this philanthropic effort is that of dirty hands and the unclean odor of the Great Unwashed—the Newsboy.

To return to the studio:

Upon entering into this year's contract, I soon found I would have to live near the studio and eliminate the dreadful subway and elevated ride from New York to Brooklyn. Therefore I went optimistically forth with very little in my pocket to find a tiny apartment which I planned to furnish week by week.

It was a bitterly cold day, snow falling very fast and a strong wind blowing. I got off at an elevated station near the studio and began inquiring from house to house for vacant apartments, but, of course, everything was occupied in mid-winter and I met discouragement upon every hand. Worn out, I had to resume the search the following day and, finally, at one apartment house—the same one in which Agnes Ayres and her mother lived—I found four rooms just vacated by a bride and groom whose matrimonial barque had been suddenly wrecked, necessitating their immediate departure, leaving behind them this sweet little home and all their wedding presents.

William Farnum is an enthusiastic golfer. Here he's having a practice putt on the grounds of his own home in *Hollywood*.

When I stepped into this apartment, shown me as unfurnished, I exclaimed:

"Why, this is completely furnished. It is very attractive, but I can't afford it."

The janitor replied:

"The owner had some tough luck and, not knowing what to do with his new possessions, left them here until he rents the place, furnished or unfurnished."

Various telephone conversations resulted in my meeting the bridegroom and his mother. They asked me if I could possibly keep the furniture for a while and save their storing it, and that the rent would be the same amount as they paid, unfurnished. Could I? My word! I was so happy to have my own little home that I consented very gratefully and promised to give everything the best possible care.

After a few months, I grew very tired of playing heavies, many of them hateful women; and also wearied of the whims of some of the stars, so I was glad to be cast as Harry Morey's leading woman in the kind of parts calling for sympathy and nicer qualities which would attract and make friends of the public instead of antagonizing them. The first lead of that kind was given me as a trial, and the director, Paul Scardon, being a man of discrimination, said I had the ability within me but lacked the technical knowledge of how to use it. He then became interested in my work and proceeded to develop it.

Mr. Scardon was such a splendid actor himself that he could portray any type of part for either a man or a woman far better often than the artists themselves, so that if it seemed impossible for me to grasp the meaning of the scene any other way, all I had to do to be perfectly safe was to watch him act it and mimic him.

PROMOTION followed and I was featured with that master of screen technique, Harry Morey, who was then a Vitagraph star. This combination contributed nine five-reel specials in succession, some of these being "The King of Diamonds," "Silent Strength," "Fighting Destiny" and "Beauty Proof."

When my contract was drawing to a close, I dreaded leaving the friendly, appreciative atmosphere of Vitagraph. It was like home and it frightened me to think of working elsewhere among new faces, for new directors, and perhaps being cast for unsuitable parts, but when a splendid offer was made me from the World studio, I accepted and worked with Rubye de Remer in a picture called "Dust of Desire." She and I used to laugh and try to decide whether she was the Dust and I the Desire, or she the Desire and I the Dust. After this I moved again to New York and played "The Undercurrent" with Guy Empey and later I was offered a picture in California with Goldwyn under the supervision of Mrs. Rex Beach.

The day I was called to an agent's office to be interviewed by Mrs. Rex Beach, I felt as though I were going into the presence of a priestess who held my destiny in the palm of her hand. I very much wished to cast my lot in the big studios of California, there possibly to attain success. With the approval of Mrs. Beach, I was cast for the rather unsympathetic ingenue in that powerful story, "The Silver Horde," by Rex Beach, under the direction of Frank Lloyd, and Miss Myrtle Steadman played "Cherry Malotte." We took the train together bound for California, both hopeful and ambitious for a fresh start in unconquered fields of endeavor.

WE made the picture at Lummie Bay, near Vancouver, in the actual salmon fisheries. It proved to be almost fatal professionally for me, inasmuch as bad photography presented me to the public as grotesque and most unattractive.

I sat in the audience of Graumann's Theatre in Los Angeles and wept as I watched it, because I knew it was unfair. I was not in demand for months following this injustice, but finally was cast opposite one of my heroes, Mahlon Hamilton, to play in "The Third Generation," under the direction of Henry Kolker, after which I made a delightful comedy-drama called "Her Truant Husband," for the Rockett Brothers, also opposite Mr. Mahlon Hamilton. It proved most successful, being my first attempt at comedy, and while abroad quite recently I found it had been very keenly appreciated there. It was the story of a vamp who lost her powder puff and because of a shiny nose lost "the man" also.

My next production was a big special entitled "Occasionally Yours" with Lew Cody. All I particularly recall of this picture was watching dear Lew take kiss "stills" with all the ladies. He maintained they made good posters, and he was right.

After this I made "Nomads of the North," a story by James Oliver Curwood, in which Lewis Stone played the "friend," Lon Chaney my husband, and I the only woman part in the picture; and here I had the delightful (?) experience of going through a forest fire with a grizzly bear—a real one at that.

The "location" was on the banks of a beautiful opalescent lake at a high point in the Rocky Mountains, and we had to camp in a supposedly Alaskan settlement built in movie fashion, temporary and wholly impracticable. The houses of crude logs were all erected with three sides only and some with no roofs. From the camera's angle,

the missing fourth side would not be visible. The second night we were there, the country hotel about ten miles from our picture settlement burned down at dinner time and we were stranded for a place to sleep; so with blankets from the cars, a scanty warmth, we retraced our steps to the "location," built a big fire and prepared to sleep in the temporary huts.

Pine boughs were put over the top of mine for a roof and also at the open side to keep out the wind, and I silently prayed it would serve to keep out lizards and a bear or two.

There was a silver moon rising when Mrs. Chaney and I eventually rolled up in blankets and retired to our soft bed of pine boughs, a little cold, perhaps, but laughing and making the best of adversity. We were later awakened by a thunder clap which seemed to shake the very heavens and it rained as though the clouds had burst. We lay on one spot, our covers saturated with water and our hair sopping, not daring to move, because, by doing so, the water would run down beneath our bodies. So far our beds were dry.

In the height of the storm, lashed by the terrific wind, the lake swept some of our shacks away and the massive pines seemed to bend double and many fell around us. We were prostrate with fear.

At daybreak the storm subsided somewhat and we all emerged like drowned rats from our cabins, still laughing like good fellows and making the best of misfortune.

THAT is the spirit of the moving picture people and one of the joys of the profession.

We managed to relight the fire and cooked the best breakfast I have ever tasted—better even than the Ritz, in London, Paris or New York, in all of which I have enjoyed many delectable morning repasts.

We all worked like beavers, Lon Chaney playing the role of chief fireman, I the messiest cook who got in everybody's way, dear Director David Hartford the *Chef Premier* and Mrs. Lon Chaney special coffee-boiler.

After this sumptuous repast of bacon, eggs, coffee and even toast, the eleven comrades, troupers and movie actors bundled into the automobiles and left for the nearest village, there to thaw out, laugh until we almost cried over the experience, and wait for fair weather.

Later in the picture we had to pass through a forest fire taken on part of the Universal ranch. The whole mountainside was sprinkled with kerosene and a pathway cut, through which, in a fury of flames, Lon Chaney and I were to pass.

Nine cameras were erected at various points and with a real six months' old baby cuddled in my left arm, and a great Dane dog on a leash in my right hand, I waited to advance. Mr. Chaney had the grizzly bear to control. Perhaps you know that a bear and a dog are the bitterest enemies and our business throughout this picture had been to keep them apart, knowing that contact meant death to one or the other, and that it would be almost impossible to duplicate animals sufficiently alike to finish the picture.

Mr. Chaney had made friends with the bear and managed him wonderfully well, although the trainer had been badly bitten the first day he worked in the picture, and had thereby rendered us all timid.

The whistle blew, the cameras began to grind, and we started down the pathway. At the psychological moment, torches were thrown into the kerosened underbrush and simultaneously like a flash, quicker than the eye could see, we were completely enveloped by fire and could see neither to the right nor left.

The bear gave an awful scream from fright and terror and stood up with his two paws around Mr. Chaney's waist, and I saw Lon in his clasp. The fear of his being crushed terrified me, when suddenly he loosed his hold upon Lon's writhing figure and leaped through a tongue of flame, running toward an artificial lake which had been built at the foot of the mountain. He plunged into the water and saved his own life, but was minus the hair on his tummy and "cross as a bear" for days. In the midst of the crackle and heat of the fire, I looked for a means of escape for myself and baby, but, turning left and right, could find none.

Next week Miss Blythe tells of some of the sweets of success.

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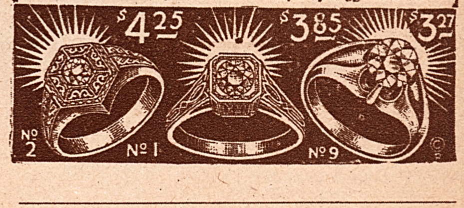

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We Interview the Gish Girls

(Continued from page5)

delicate and very erect, her hands clasped loosely in her lap).

A. W. F. (with just the right air of affability and professional efficiency): "Tell us about Italy."

(One would never suppose from her sprightly voice but that to hear of Italy was the be-all and end-all of her entire existence. G. H. emits a little gasp of admiration. A. W. F. does everything so WELL!)

Lillian and Dorothy (in unison): "Tell us about New York . . . about the new pictures . . . everything . . ."

Lillian: "Have you seen Mary as 'Dorothy Vernon?'"

G. H.: "No, I haven't."

A. W. F.: "Yes, she's simply beautiful in it! You'll love her."

Dorothy: "How about Douglas in 'The Thief of Bagdad?'"

A. W. F: "You'll marvel over the photography in that. And over the beauty. The story is secondary."

Lillian and Dorothy (again in unison): "And about 'America?'"

A. W. F: "He managed to make a series of battles interesting. I didn't think it could be done, but Mr. Griffith did it."

G. H.: "Oh, yes, I saw that. Even I."

Dorothy (laughing): "Isn't Gladys the fan, though! A great help to the family income, *you* are, Miss Hall!"

G. H.: "Well, I'm going to see 'Romola.' I always see the pictures you and Lillian are in; speaking of the family income."

Dorothy: "So nice of you, Miss 'All . . . *WE* haven't seen a picture in six months. I'm going to start in tomorrow and have a perfect orgy of pictures . . . take my lunch and dinner in a little basket and stay in the theatres all day and most of the night . . ."

Lillian: "We were only out about four nights during the whole eight months we were in Italy. Women seldom go out at night in Florence. Men do . . . the women wait at home. To go out alone was, of course, unthinkable. So we'd go back to the hotel when we were through working and play Mah Jong with mother. Practically every night . . ."

Dorothy: "Jimmie came over after about five months and came home with us. I'm never going to be separated from him so long again. I wouldn't be without a husband for anything. They're a marvelous help. They get such splendid service from waiters. And waiters simply terrify me."

(The interviewers note, however, that there is more to a husband than the obtaining of splendid service in Dorothy's evidently fond estimation. They also rally their reportorial instincts and study Lillian carefully. Perhaps some fleeting expression will deny or affirm the rumors of her romance, more truthfully and also more tactfully than any direct question could ever do. But Lillian manifests only a detached and sisterly amusement at Dorothy's enthusiasm . . . It would seem that the amused denials she made at the wharf were true).

Lillian: "We heard two operas . . . Butterfly . . . and Romeo and Juliet . . ."

Dorothy: "Juliet and Romeo, you mean, Lillian. It was another version. Not so good. Why not let well enough alone? And Juliet was about four feet high and weighed two hundred and ten pounds. I may be unappreciative, but no music could overcome the unromantic physique of Juliet so far as I was concerned."

G. H. (to Lillian): "Have you thought any more about doing 'Romeo and Juliet' for the screen?"

Lillian: "No. I think I shall do a modern story next. And I'm going to do it here. That is about as much as I know of my plans to date. I'd like to play Juliet to Dick Barthelmess' Romeo, though, some day. I think we could make a beautiful picture together. But I wouldn't want to play Juliet with anyone else."

Dorothy: "I think Lillian and Dick would be lovely. I'd put my money in it!"

Lillian (left) and **Dorothy Gish**, snapped on the deck of the **S. S. Majestic**, the liner on which the popular sisters returned from their long sojourn in **Europe**. The embroidered merry-go-round effect on **Lillian's** dress attracted much attention among the passengers.

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Lillian: "Dick has a lovely romance to give to the screen. There's a strain in him which the cameras have never quite caught, I think. He would give the screen an exquisite Romeo. Perhaps some day . . ."

A. W. F.: "But do tell us about 'Romola.'"

Dorothy: "You're going to love it, I think. I know. Lillian photographs in it better than she has ever photographed before, and that's saying a great deal. And it's photographically beautiful altogether, I think. And Ronald Coleman . . . well, you're going to hear from *him*. He's going to be one of the most popular men on the screen. He has something quite different from anyone else. We have some splendid actors in the cast, too. The Italian men . . . ah, they are actors! The women . . . not so good . . ."

Lillian: "Next week we begin cutting it. It is two hundred and fifty thousand feet now and we have to cut it down to nine thousand. That means a tremendous amount of work. We've lost our perspective on it, perhaps, but I do think we have, as Dorothy says, a beautiful picture."

Dorothy: "We *have* lost our perspective somewhat, of course, especially in so far as the story is concerned. But it really isn't a regulation costume picture. So often they remind me of an upholstered sofa walking around."

A. W. F. (laughing): "Is Ronald Coleman nice to work with?"

Lillian (quietly, convincingly): "Yes, indeed. Every man and woman in the company loved him. That is rather unusual. Men rarely like the man that women like. And he is reserved, modest, quiet, but underneath a diffident exterior there is one of the most worth-while persons it has ever been my pleasure to meet. Mother liked him so much . . ."

G. H. and A. W. F.: "How is your mother?"

Dorothy (enthusiastically): "You won't *know* her! She's gained twenty-five pounds and she looks marvelous. She's coming in for a little while before you go."

Lillian: "Italy agreed with her. We were so glad she had the courage to make the trip with us. It was what she needed."

(For a little while the conversation centres about the art the girls saw during their stay. Lillian is a disciple of Leonardo da Vinci and she went time and time again to see his paintings. Dorothy talked of Michael Angelo's David with reverence in her voice. She went so often to the old galleries that an antique caretaker, immured in the atmosphere of the primitives, came to wait for her and showed her about, telling her stories of many origins.)

(Here Mrs. Gish comes into the room. Both Lillian and Dorothy rise swiftly to greet her and give her the most comfortable chair. They show her off, proudly. They might be the mothers and Mrs. Gish the child, such is their fond, protective attitude.)

Mrs. Gish: "Dorothy, child, isn't your hair dry yet?"

Dorothy: "Yes, mother. But it's all right. They know I take out my hairpins the minute I get into the house. They've seen it down my back every time they ever came to see me. I would like to go about the streets with it down, but fear it might incite comment!"

G. H. (laughing . . . one laughs so much with Dorothy): "You never had your hair bobbed, did you?"

Dorothy: "Never. I used to wear a wig in my pictures, you know."

A. W. F. (to Lillian): "You never thought of bobbing yours, did you?"

Lillian: "No, I never did. And it would make it difficult in pictures. I use my hair so much."

Mrs. Gish (in motherly fashion): "It would be a shame for Lillian to bob her hair. It is so long . . ."

Dorothy: "And Lillian was always so vain of her hair! I remember how she used to mince around the room when we were little girls and her hair had just been curled."

(Dorothy suits the words to action and minces about the room, little girl fashion. Lillian smiles at her.)

Mrs. Gish (remembering other days): "Yes, Lillian was always vain of her hair. I remember that when I wanted to threaten her with punishment, I would always tell her that if she wasn't a good girl I would cut off her hair. And this threat always worked.

"One time a little boy in school rubbed chewing gum into it and I really thought I would have to cut it off in earnest. I thought the child would have hysterics. My sister-in-law was with me at the time and she dissolved it some way and get it all out. Lillian always adored her after that and invariably went to her in perfect trust when anything was wrong."

Dorothy (her lips pursed in mimicry): "No good will come of such vanity, *I* always say!"

(Time has gone by swiftly and it is reluctantly that the interviewers take their departure. They bid good-bye to Mrs. Gish in the living room and the girls walk with them to the door. A tea engagement is made and the good-byes are said. The door closes . . .)

SCENE III.

The dressing room of the Ambassador. G. H. and A. W. F. have repaired thither to adjust their make-up before venturing forth into the dying afternoon.

G. H. (through a lipstick): "Aren't they charming?"

A. W. F. (gesticulating with a powder puff): "Always. They remind me of my childhood. I always feel so young when I am with them. They have an atmosphere of quiet talk . . . seclusion . . . nice laughter . . ."

G. H.: "I know. Just that. And yet they aren't in any sense narrow or precise. There is always such a warm interest in the things they do and say. They're *real*, both of them. They haven't forgotten the things that go to make American homes."

A. W. F.: "Their sophistication hasn't blinded them to the simpler things. How *do* you suppose they've kept faith with all the things they used to be? It hasn't been a domineering influence on the part of their mother. She's been ill . . . they've been frequently away . . ."

G. H.: "No . . . it's something within themselves . . ."

A. W. F.: "Even in a hotel suite they manage to give you a sense of sheltered family life . . . Well, heaven knows, they are a *relief* . . ."

G. H.: "A blessed one."

A. W. F.: "And a living proof that sisters can be good friends as well as professional confreres . . ."

G. H.: "True enough."

A. W. F.: "Are we going to take a taxi?"

G. H.: "That, my friend, depends upon the state of your finances."

A. W. F.: "Then, *my* friend, we will remember the doctrines of Physical Culture . . . and WALK!"

(They exeunt . . . G. H. counting over the coins at the bottom of her purse.)

CURTAIN.

"A WOMAN WHO SINNED"

This week's instalment of "A Woman Who Sinned" has unavoidably been omitted from this issue. However, next week it will appear—the action dramatically concerning itself with the heroine of the story making a fight for all she held dear when enticed aboard a stranger's yacht.

The Editor.

Freckles

GROW WORSE

The longer you wait, the more you will regret. Nothing ruins one's appearance like freckles.

Start using Stillman's Freckle Cream now, and remove them! Double action—not only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to remove freckles, or your money back. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and $1 at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, makeup hints, etc. If you buy $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume, free! send for Booklet now.

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FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

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Wm. Davis, M. D., 1248 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N J.

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Write for terms, sample copies and full information to Subscription Manager.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
1926 Broadway :: :: New York, N. Y.

FREE

With This Offer

"THE LIFE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO"

Written by Himself

Movie Weekly is constantly in receipt of a large volume of letters from its readers requesting intimate information about their favorite motion picture stars. This correspondence, increasing by leaps and bounds, has proved to us that a demand exists which must be filled. Now we can supply just what you want. We have succeeded in securing a limited number of sets of

The Lives of Popular Stars

upon a basis that permits us to furnish them at a price easily within your reach.

There are ten in all—charming little books that you will treasure. They tell you the things you want to know about your favorite stars—intimate details of their lives—their loves—their work—their play—all of the things about which you so often wonder—and regarding which perhaps you sometimes write to "The Colonel" or other authority on matters pertaining to the movies—and many things that you have never thought about or possibly never felt at liberty to ask.

Wouldn't you like to have your favorite talk to you? To tell you of his life, his hobbies? How she happened to go into the movies? The sort of person he or she really is? These little Movie Mirror Books were written in collaboration with the stars themselves, and when you read them it will be just as if they were talking to you face to face.

Printed on super-quality paper, copiously illustrated with intimate photographs taken in home and studio, with covers beautifully executed in four artistically blended colors made from original paintings of the stars whose lives they tell, each contains a handsome pen and ink drawing especially adapted for decorative purposes in boudoir or den, together with a letter from the star to you, signed in his or her own handwriting reproduced. All photographs and drawings are exclusive and can be had from nowhere else. As souvenirs nothing could be finer.

The artists whose lives are so delightfully covered by this set are Lillian Gish, Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, William S. Hart, Colleen Moore, Mae Murray, Harriet Hammond, Ben Turpin, Corinne Griffith, Doraldina.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

SPECIAL

"The Life of Rudolph Valentino"

(Written by himself)

has been published by Movie Weekly. It is a delightful little book written with all the charm and fire that characterizes Valentino himself. In consideration of your ordering your set of "Little Movie Mirror Books" at once, we will gladly send you a copy of "The Life of Rudolph Valentino" under the same cover.

WHILE THEY LAST

we will supply "Little Movie Mirror Books" to readers of Movie Weekly for only $1.00 per set of ten. As soon as the present supply is exhausted, this special offer closes. Secure your set at once. Fill in the coupon, pin to it a dollar bill and mail to us today.

MOVIE WEEKLY

1926 Broadway :: New York City

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1926 Broadway, New York City.

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Name..

Address.......................................

....

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page* 14)

"*That* is nothing—I have my orders," said the guard.

Well, there seemed to be nothing to do but comply. I explained what I could of our plans to the customs official, but he maintained rather mysteriously but very firmly that our luggage had to be opened and inspected and as I knew that an argument would take time and doubtless lose us the boat we were so desperately trying to make, I finally told him to go ahead and I will say that he was kind enough to come over to the motor boat and do his inspecting then and there.

And then we were informed, in the dark and mysterious night, that two famous Gobelin tapestries had been stolen from Versailles and orders had been given that all the customs houses of France were to inspect every piece of luggage over a certain weight. Of course they were fearing that the thieves would try to get away with the tapestries and most likely would make their get-away to America.

And naturally . . . two strange, rain-drenched foreigners . . . hiring a motor boat in the middle of the night . . . grim and desperate in their endeavors to leave France . . . they thought . . . well, they thought, "HERE ARE THE CROOKS!" Doubtless they had never been so certain of anything in all their lives as that they had the thieves dead to rights then and there. We DID look odd, I must admit.

When, at last, they finished going through the trunks and said to us, "You can get," we embarked in the motor boat, already loaded beyond the capacity of safety, and we left.

The *Leviathan* had come into the port and was anchored there outside. It was tremendously rough. The transports were all coming back. The rain was still driving down with long, angry finger lashings and the sky and sea seemed converging to press us under. It was weird and rather grim. The sort of a thing one should only do in a matter of life and death. It was, in fact, a matter of life and death with us, although I don't suppose we fully realized it at the time. One so seldom does.

The transports, as I have said, were all coming back, and only the mail transport was still hooked on to the boat. This, by the way, was twice the size of our little motor boat. However, that was the only way to get to the *Leviathan*, through the transport. As we drew near the swells came up, looming, large and dangerous. There was no chance. It was, in veritable truth, a matter of life and death.

THE man on the transport kept calling to the man on our boat: "Keep away! Keep away! You can't board!"

Well, the first time we nearly made it. We were soaked through. The giant waves lashed at the boat, encroached, came roaring in over the sides. We were isolated, it seemed, in a black tunnel of a world with the driving rain above us and the angry sea beneath us. Our trunks catapulted all over the place, skidding about like live and angry things. I had a glimpse, a horrified one, I admit, of Natacha's jewel box just about to fall into the water. I made one lunge for it. Then I gave a sailor on the transport near at hand the jewel box to hold. There was a gigantic crash . . . something . . . *something* on our boat went to pieces . . .

The man on our boat shouted hoarsely, above the uproar, "I can't be responsible for this . . . for your lives . . . it's too rough . . . we cannot make it! . . ." and before I could shout back, even had I had any desire left to do so, he had pushed off and we were making as best we could for the shore again.

I left the jewels, all Natacha owns in the world, with the sailor on the transport. Jewels, I find, worldly goods in toto, mean singularly little when your lives, like the frailest of reeds, are palpitating beneath an ominous sky and a hungry sea.

More tomorrow, I hope, but a rush of circumstances makes me quit my desk now when I am in the middle of narrating this exciting adventure.

Next week Mr. Valentino continues his diary from this point.

½ PRICE SALE!

1,000 Special Blue-White "Orient Diamond" rings at Half Price to introduce bargain catalog. Guaranteed Sterling Silver Platinum Finish Art Leather Case. Beautiful gift or engagement ring. Pay $2.49 and postage when delivered.

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KNOW THYSELF! BANISH WORRY—CLAIM SUCCESS. Wonderful three-page **Horoscope** by world-renowned **Astrologer.** Tells you of your friends, your future planetary vibrations. Send birth date, year, your handwriting and 10c. Write at once. **Gargilis, Box 2771-A, Boston, Mass.**

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Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 13*)

"WINNING HIS WAY"

Starring Jack Dempsey.

Rating: 80%

Jack Dempsey is on the screen in a series of pictures called "Fight and Win." As though Jack could do anything else!

The current picture is "Winning His Way," and we regret to say that it is a maudlin story of a pugilist who turned blacksmith to please his old mother, and who turned back again to save her when the doctor said she couldn't get well unless she could raise $500. Needless to say, Jack raised it.

There is only one reason why Jack Dempsey should be on the screen. He can fight! And when most of the scenes are laid in a ring, well, this is an asset.

On the Set and Off

(*Continued from page 19*)

pretty house looked very good and homelike to her, after many weeks of living in hotels and making personal appearances every day. She is vastly grateful and happy, however, for the friends she has throughout the country, and she loved meeting them.

Speaking of a warm welcome home, though, one of Mabel's first experiences was being forced to flee from her bedroom, clad in her silk pajamas, one Saturday morning, when fire destroyed the garage and apartment house back of her home, and threatened to burn her house.

Mabel's new limousine was in the garage, and when the firemen saw those pretty pajamas, and more particularly when they saw who was in them, they gallantly braved the blaze to drag her car to safety. It was somewhat injured, but can be repaired.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

If ever you see your automobile determined to run away after you have parked, let her run! That's what Virginia Valli says. And she ought to know. Because, as the result of chasing her run-away machine, Virginia is limping about on a cane.

It was while preparing to call on her old friend, ZaSu Pitts, that Miss Valli got hurt. ZaSu lives on the side of a hill, Virginia parked her car on the sharp incline in front of the house, and just as she was going up the steps, she saw the car begin to run away. She made a dash for it, leaped in and succeeded in stopping the machine, but received a sprained ankle and several minor lacerations and bruises in the process.

If I Were You

(*Continued from page 3*)

to do the right thing. It is when life crowds them too hard and fast that they lose their perspectives and make their fatal mistakes.

If your personal problem has to do with your emotional life, with your romance, you may write to Miss Talmadge without misgivings. Every letter will be treated with the utmost confidence and any fictitious name you select will be published with the answer to your question. However, we must insist that you also give your correct name and address. For it may be that it will prove necessary to answer your question by a personal letter.

Etiquette problems are forever arising——

Questions about dress may prove worrisome——

But whatever your problem, Miss Talmadge stands ready to put herself in your place . . . to consider your case carefully . . . and to tell you frankly and simply what she would do if she were you.

Letters must be sent to the editorial office of Movie Weekly. In this way they will not be confused with Miss Talmadge's fan mail . . . and they will be forwarded to Miss Talmadge in California, by airplane mail . . . or wherever else she may be on work or pleasure bent.

Address your communications to: Miss Norma Talmadge, If I Were You Department, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

We hope that it will be possible to print the answers to the first letters in the Movie Weekly of August 16th.

What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page 24*)

attractively got up by someone who knows "how."

My personal thanks for the tabloid reviews. That's the greatest help to the reader! We won't spend our good money seeing bad plays as long as this department is continued.

The new Identification Contest will attract many new readers; any contest does that, especially when big prizes are offered.

There's nothing I don't like, sorry to say, Editors. You're doing your work perfectly, in my estimation, and I'm quite a critic when it comes to magazines. Blessings on thee!

Mildred Stanford.

FRECKLES

DON'T HIDE THEM WITH A VEIL; REMOVE THEM WITH OTHINE—DOUBLE STRENGTH

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion, that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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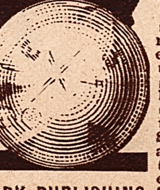

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Learn to Play in 1 hour

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by our copyrighted New Short-Cut Method. No knowledge of note-reading or musical keys required. No months of tiresome practice. New Short-Cut Method accomplishes in *one hour* as much as $15 and $20 Ukulele Courses requiring months of instruction and practice. You can get this astonishingly simple and easy method

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By purchasing the *entire output* of a large manufacturer, we are able to offer this genuine Koawood finish Hawaiian Ukulele; *full size*, a real $6.00 *value*, for only $2.98. And with this price smashed bargain we are giving FREE our copyrighted New Short-Cut Method by which we *guarantee* you will be able to play in ONE HOUR. This attractive instrument is of finest workmanship, handsomely finished and deep and rich in tone. It provides sweet harmonious accompaniment to impromptu singing—on the beach, in the parlor, on picnics. If you strum harmony on this Ukulele, you will be popular everywhere. Send the coupon below for it *today*.

$10.00 *Value* **Only $5.48**

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(Back view showing beautifully carved sounding board)

Guarantee!

With each instrument and free Short-Cut Course goes our guarantee:

1. We *guarantee* that you can play the Ukulele or Banjo Ukulele in ONE HOUR by following the simple directions of our New Short-Cut Method.
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Don't send a penny. Simply indicate on the coupon which instrument you desire, and mail the coupon TODAY. When the instrument and the FREE Short-Cut Method arrive, deposit with the postman one bargain price amount, plus a few pennies postage. Then try out in your home both the instrument and Short-Cut Method. If you are not satisfied, return them within three days, and your money will be refunded. You will be the judge. You don't have to risk a single penny. Don't miss this opportunity—save 50% on either of these two great bargains and at the same time learn to play the Ukulele in One Hour. Fill out coupon and mail.

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NEW PICTURES OF BARTHELMESS FAMILY AT THEIR SUMMER HOME

Movie Weekly

JULY 26, 1924

10¢

A Screen Lover's Wife tells Her Secret see page 15

We interview the GISH Girls by Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Marion Davies
Photo. by Russell Ball

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